DISCORDER

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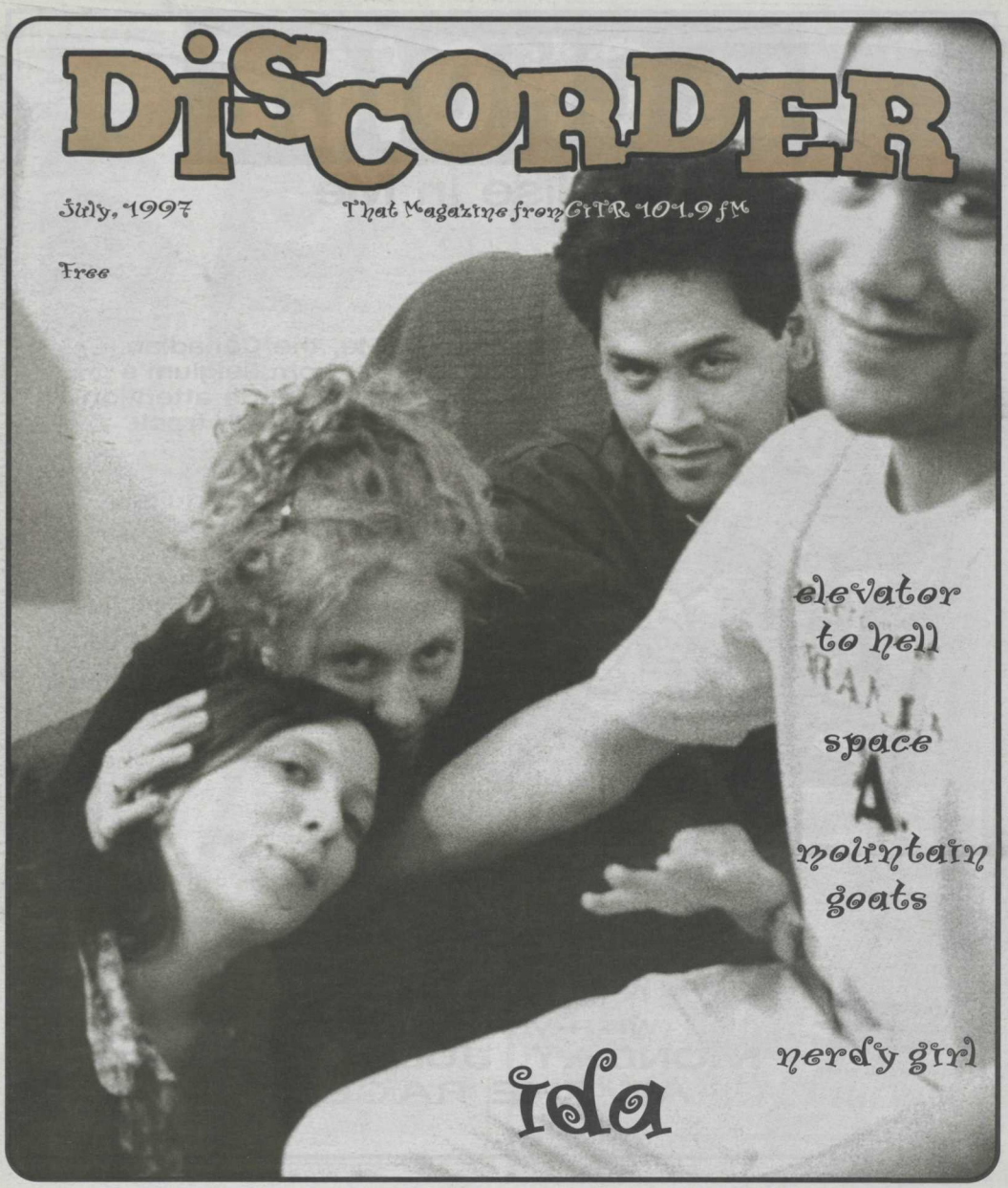


elevator to hell

space

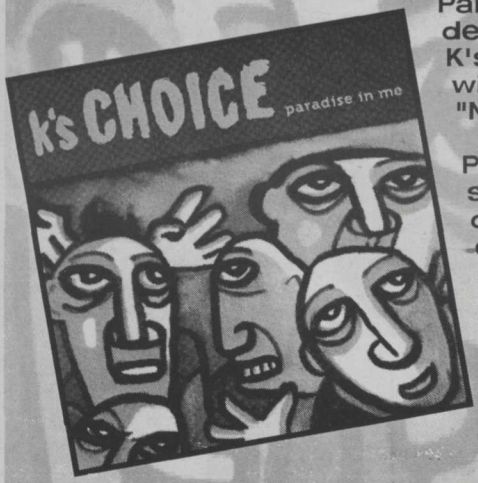
mountain goats

nerdy girl

ida

K's CHOICE

Paradise in Me



Paradise in Me, the Canadian debut release from Belgium's K's Choice commands attention with the breakthrough track "Not An Addict".

Pop savvy with hooky guitar surprises galore only partly define K's Choice - deftly combined acoustic and electric guitars compliment sweet harmonies and mature songwriting that is acidly satyrical at times yet remains humorously entertaining.

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DISCORDER

July 1997 Issue #174

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COVER

The lovely Ida graces the front of our July issue, which is full of pop and summer fun. I can't think of a gosh-darn other thing to say ... hold on ... erm, photo by Barb, duhsign by Kenneth.

editrix
miko hoffman
art director
kenny paul
ad rep
kevin pendergraft
production manager
barb yamazaki
graphic design/layout
ken paul, barb y
production
lisa chen-wing, jeremy gruman, stu marvel, tristan winch
photography/illustrations
barb, jason da silva
contributors
daniel a, joel a, james b, julie c, lisa c-w, brady c, charlie c, christian, jason ds, chris e, greg e, sean e, frank?, gth, christine g, jeremy g, noah g, thomas h, anthony k, paul k, janis bmc, jono, adam m, siobhan mc, stu m, nardwuar, ken p, kazi s, dave t, brian w, marlene y, john z
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ben lai
publisher
linda scholten

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POULIN'S CLOTHES WEAR NO EMPIRE

Hello, Mr. Kitty!

Inverting the self conscious use of property into a pacific distraction theory (one that Deleuze and Guattari have been groaning on about for years) is a flaky theory head's wet dream. I think you might want to consider a revision of your shaky polemic.

Either the void is consistent of it is not, it either 'never left the dialogue' or it was 'induced'. You can not induce the void, it would not answer your call, QED by your own definition. The weak kneed chiasmus used to describe one of this 'induced' void's characteristics, 'securely insecure' illucidates my point that you are an unwitting Janus without the good sense to be smug in at least some of your assertions. If everything is indeterminate then why the discourse of difference?

If you inclined to say, "fuck the why!", then lets investigate your how. You need some educating. A paradox must be thought to consist in the world before one may show that third point of reference or comparison that ensures it as a paradox. You make up, imagine, and conceive of a void that is 'induced'. This void insists upon the world. This is a pseudo-void, void by half, really a a-void compared to its big sister the abyss. The abyss in this case exists in the world and is consistent with it. The abyss is not the center of the bon mot poetastery of 'Where is not what you wear'. The abyss is contingent, the a-void is merely sky eyed musings.

Deconstructing the 'blend of the arts and advertising (business)' is tantamount to blowing smoke rings out;of your urethra. There is no blend in the world without your philosophical Bay-Club bags. (VOID by *CuldesaC*) By your own admission this Cul de Sac is induced, with the void, as the site of free-play and thereby not there. There is no 'aesthetic leveling of everyday life', only immature occupants who are too afraid of their own minds to be left with the responsibility of owning anything let alone themselves. (Most of these people are meant for labour.)

You seem worried that the abundant field of possibility is only producing redundancy yet you offer a polemic already pre-packaged by those so called fathers of discursivity a la Lacan, Derrida, Foucault, Jameson, and their germinal offspring. You are beyond redundant yourself, you have penetrated that inner sanctum of the tired and retired, the cy-clonic. The puissant politics of the new left could do itself a favour and find a coherent position either in the politics of the self or in the deconstruction of that self, and thereby those powers that may inadvertently make some use of the politics of the self, heaven forbid. Idio-lites only make the rest of us cringe when they do their fathers a disservice. Fathers yes, outside of Kristeva and Kolodny who else is there?

Do us a favour and put down 'Capitalism and Schizophrenia' long enough to refocus those hiss blissed out danced tranced emergency brake brained eyes of yours back on the 'real', we need your help breaking rocks. The abyss loves you. Keep moving. I have nothing less to say.

C. Chris
Vancouver, BC

Rock breaking is an education (with a small e, thanks). I certainly am discussing an a-void, and I am approaching it as a piece of language, a figment of culture. I am using the term in a different manner than you, mine is more of an heuristic — it is a way of conceptualizing. We may be heading in different directions here. Either way, while I appreciate the metaphysical love of the abyss, I prefer the contingent desire of the void. By the way, your elitism is not productive, but it is scary.
Cheers, kitty.

. cowshead chronicles .

i have a heart that is firmly planted on my sleeve. i pull no punches in regards to it and voice my discontent or rare moments of exhilaration through this column for the whole world to see. so what's the big deal? late at night as i write this scratch i feel as if i know exactly what it is i'm trying to say but often as i read it— usually not until it comes out at the first of each month — i wonder if sometimes i'm lacking in clarity. but how can one deny one's heart and the feelings that it's having right at that exact moment? sure, i lay it all out, and it's not always about personal experiences but i know that, for some people, it's a little hard to take sometimes. am i sorry? not a bit. while love fades and crushes come and go and a lost love is only ever healed by time, the pain of it all has to be recognized. sure, next week the feelings may be different or there may be a whole new set of rules and regulations, but acknowledgment of your heart is paramount. the light of day often sets things in a completely different light but shit, what's a guy to do? call me a true romantic or a complete fool but i, despite all the setbacks over time, believe in love and all that it can bring: the heartache, the euphoria, the will to acquiesce like you never have before, the sharing of possessions — all that and more. i have many times tried to ignore my feelings and dismiss my heart and somehow put it in a dark place where even i hope to never find it. it doesn't work, i'm here to tell you. we all say, never again, when it ends. we all strive to be stronger the next time. to be more cautious. to not let our heart get the better of us. not let our heart get hooked by another. ok. i'm a sucker. i admit it. but i'm once again ready to let it happen to me. it's summer and the windows on my car are open most of the time and the sounds on the street sound right. a half pack of winstons is the closest thing to my heart right now, but by the time you read this there could be a whole new set of rules in place. i hope, for my lungs' sake, this is true. have a great summer...you mean the world to me.
gth ... xxoo

p.s. i've often been curious about you and what you think — good or bad. e-mail me. tell me your stories. like sandra bernhard ... without you i'm nothing. fetters@direct.ca

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DiSCORDER

vancouver special

by janis mckenzie

SANTO
Exit Planet Right
(Daisy)
Imagine my surprise when I came home from work one night and found the ominous heap of CDs-to-be-reviewed that are usually overrunning the living room rearranged into a single tidy stack. And on the very top was this **Santo** CD, with a note freshly attached that read only, "Listen to me!" Yes, my husband had discovered the joys of this Victoria band (named after a surfer friend of theirs, and coincidentally also a Mexican movie hero), and within minutes I, too, fell under their spell.

A wash of guitar noise, an introspective, gravelly vocal style, hard-edged lyrics and sometimes **Clash**-like guitars with the occasional, dare I say, hint of **Green Day** make for a fine post-punk experience that reminds me a little of the long-gone (and much missed) **Replacements**.

HISSY FIT
What to Wear
(Independent)
If Santo are pensive (but loud) post-punk, **Hissy Fit** are quite simply punk rock, led by a female singer with one of the best girl voices since Poly Styrene of **X-Ray Spex** (although completely unlike her — where X-Ray Spex was full of shrieks and shrill squeaks, Hissy Fit is edgy growls).

And in the finest punk tradition they've put out this seven-song CD themselves, tossing in for your guilty pleasure the originally intolerable '70s song "(I Never Promised You a) Rose Garden," which they've somehow transformed into a **Ramones**-like anthem that would make you want to sing along, if only you could rock that hard. And let me warn you, the rest of the songs rock even harder, culminating in my other favourite, the frenetically passionate last track, "Ditch It."

10 DAYS LATE
Sticky Flytrap
(2112/Cargo)
Well, I missed seeing **10 Days Late** by mere seconds at Music West, but had the great good fortune to see the all-female five-piece at Future Shop a couple of weeks ago, on the eve of their Molson-sponsored (!) tour of eastern Canada. Even playing in the brightly lit and unappealing atmosphere of a half-empty record store, they were tight, loud, attractive, and fun to watch, and I can only imagine that as I'm writing this, the band members are having to *peel* adoring Quebecois fans off themselves. At least I hope so, because they deserve the attention.

10 Days Late, both live and on the CD, successfully combine frantic, forceful drumming with aggressive guitars, snippets of harmonies, and often tough, occasionally breathless vocals, resulting in a subtly pop-flavoured punk confection. Likely one of Vancouver's best live bands, let me assure you that absolutely nothing has been lost in the recording process.

from the diary of jonnie loaf boy

The revolution continues, as Murray, DJ Dinette, and her henchmen remain barricaded in the radio station

Day 4 of the Revolution

At last! Pizza!!!! The revolutionaries rigged up a contraption with a bucket and some twine, and used it to haul three extra-large pizzas up to the window. The good people at Cuban Pizza have agreed to donate as much pizza as we need to sustain the revolution. I was agitating for a couple slices of pepperoni pizza, but the revolutionaries were dead set against it. We are not even allowed to have real cheese, on account of cow exploitation. Instead we have to put up with melted tofurella and a couple of lonely slices of tomato and bell pepper. Not that I'm complaining — after foraging through the garbage for over-looked sunflower seeds, anything is delicious.

The revolutionaries were also able to sneak an exercise bike into the station. They lifted it, piece by piece through the window, and then re-assembled it in the DJ Booth. They have been taking turns riding out their frustrations. I hope this settles them down. Lack of exercise combined with excessive coffee consumption has made them all a bit skittish. I think I could use some time on the bike myself, but the revolutionaries are hogging it. They are even having trouble sharing it amongst themselves. DJ Dinette told them that they have to take turns, but none of them has a watch, so they bicker continuously, accusing each other of spending too much time peddling.

One of DJ Dinette's thugs stuck a "One Less Car" sticker on the bike. I tried explaining to the morons that this was not really an appropriate sticker for an exercise bike, but my reasoning was lost on them. The problem with revolutionaries is that they have no sense of irony.

The extra sweat produced by their cycling is having a negative impact on the odour in the radio station. The combination of unwashed revolutionary and clinging cigarette smoke was rather devastating to begin with and is now getting markedly worse. Add to this the garbage that has accumulated over the last few days, and you have a pretty rude stench. On top of this, the revolutionaries fart incessantly. They believe that holding in your flatulence is a form of self-oppression, and unhealthy to boot. They argue that if you don't release methane gas regularly, it will accumulate in your blood, and you risk spontaneous combustion. The revolutionaries have no concern for personal hygiene. They take pride in the fact that they don't waste valuable water for such bourgeois acts as bathing. Why disguise your natural odours with perfume and soap, they ask. Not to please me, that's certain!

Day 5 of the Revolution

Try sleeping over the constant whisperings of DJ Dinette and the Virgin Murray. In the middle of the night, I see them bending their heads close together and conspiring in hushed tones. They draw complicated diagrams on the station walls, and have heated phone conversations with Sub-Commander Marconi. They have been doing this night after night and it is starting to fray my poor nerves. If I don't get some sleep, my eyeballs will roll out of my head. What kind of discussion is so important that it can't wait until the morning? They claim that they need to figure strategy for the revolution, but I know that's a lie. They don't have any strategy. As far as I can see, this is the most poorly run revolution this side of the Mississippi. All we do is lie around all day while DJ Dinette and Murray deliver dull sermons over the air. If any thought is put into their sabre-rattling, it doesn't show. It's always, "Blah blah The New World Order blah blah blah Multinational Corporations blah blah The Rich blah blah blah The Poor blah blah Imperialist Globalization blah blah Capitalist Pig Dogs." Then it's a round of "Hey hey! Ho ho! Blah blah blah has got to go!" Then they play some music. Usually some fantastically loud punk band — DOA, The Anarchy Distortionists, Placenta Origami. Then they usually bow out and stick in a Chomsky tape and let that old fool drone away for hours. Snare-o-rama! It's like that guy could announce an alien invasion with the same tone of voice as a long range weather forecaster.

Day 6 of the Revolution

I keep telling those guys that their revolution has no style. No one wants to listen to a Chomskian monotone. The enemy is not the big banks — it's the Three Tenors. It ain't Uncle Sam — it's Hootie and the Blowfish. Who gives a fuck about Conrad Black — it's Mickey Mouse we've got to kill. Of course, as soon as I mentioned The Mouse, Murray started harassing me about my Mickey Pez Dispenser. So what, Murray? We're all entitled to our guilty pleasures. He's like, "You're part of the problem, buddy." And I'm like, "Listen pal, I don't make the fries." Why does he always have to get so personal?

What we all need around here is a good night's sleep. That would put a bit of perspective on things. You can't be discussing the military-industrial complex without a decent nap. Maybe if they stopped playing so much punk and drinking so much coffee, we would all be less wired. Those thugs looked like a bunch of wild-eyed radicals before they locked themselves in here — now they look wilder. Their brains are beginning to atrophy. Their paranoid delusions about an imminent police crack-down are getting increasingly tiresome. They keep talking about Tiennamen and got angry when I suggested they were just fantasizing about a glorious finale. I begged Murray to start playing mellower, more relaxing songs. Smog, Palace Brothers, anything to calm us all down. "Next you'll ask us all to slash our wrists," was DJ Dinette's comment on that.

INTERVIEW HELL

Who are you? (names, ages, instruments played)
Livewire, 18 years old, drums.
Lostbean, 17 years old, drums.
Radiateur, 19 years old, drums.
What's in your pockets right now?
Livewire: 50 deutchmarks and a drumstick.
Lostbean: 100 pesos, a united mileage plus card, 5 drum sticks.
Radiateur: My wallet, car keys, some loose change.
Lostbean, how has being in a Rymes with Orange video and a BC Tel commercial changed your life? Does it compare to being on *Northwood* or buying Yo La Tengo's unstickered Acetone organ?
Lostbean: I got to take control of an intersection, throw big oil drums around, yell at people, vomit. They didn't like the vomit on *Northwood*. When I pulled that shit they got pretty irate. When I was on *Northwood* people thought I was a geek. I had no friends in junior high. But grade 11's going cool ... I got a girlfriend, and I ain't doing the show anymore. I had a little pukeburp when I called Seattle and they said they'd just got a red one level Acetone, the day after Yo La Tengo played here and said theirs was stolen in Seattle a couple days before.
Being outta Tsawwassen, have you ever smoked up in Dennison Park?
Livewire: No, I don't think I have.
Lostbean: Lonely football ...
Radiateur: No.
By the way, what's The Beans' favourite urban myth?
Radiateur: My favourite is the one where spiders can lay eggs underneath your skin.
Lostbean: No, that's actually true. I know someone that happened to.
Livewire: Yeah, it happened to my cousin.
Lostbean: Yeah, that's who it was.
Explain the importance of a) dancing family members and the Beans, and, b) your "manager" Brady, who didn't even show up for your performance on *Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell!*
Marta the Dancing Bean: It is important that all family members be dancers 'cause of the torque-ratio of the differential.
Lostbean: Brady was originally designed as a dancer but something went horribly wrong during the final motor-action enhancement phase ...
Livewire: Allow me to explain. Brady was an experiment. We built him, then grew him in a little casserole dish type thing.
Radiateur: Foofy.
Lostbean: Working with the notion that an organism's development can be radically altered by creating a unique sonic environment, we set up a drone room, an ecosystem in the key of 'D,' if you will, and over the years project 'Pilgrim' became the Brady we all know and love today.
Radiateur: I wanted to call him Shawn.
Livewire: Brady was to embody each of our strongest personal traits. He is a kind of Superbean.
Lostbean: He wheels my charisma around like a shopping cart.
Radiateur: My sensitivities float about his head like a pungent, stormy fog.
Livewire: My brute-strength manifests itself in the form of a million towering archangels, all bearing Brady's likeness, marching his flank wherever he travels. While he could be considered our 'manager,' we see him as a 'guiding light' or 'Uncle Brady.' He will also drop the needle when the need arises, and it is at these times he assumes his alternate identity, DJ Agriculture.
Radiateur: We could call him DJ Shawn.
Who are your contemporaries?
Beans: MC Solarr, DJ Wrecking Ball, DJ Relaxing Ball, Christine Pinault, Jaqueline Pipe, Isabelle, David Shea, people hiking in the woods, Rom-folksters, The Molestics, Peter Scherer, the ocean, tall buildings, summer-dress girls, Dirty Three, Kronos Quartet, shorebirds and downy woodpeckers, dancers, sushi, and Citroen.
Why are you so obsessed with French 'samples?'
Lostbean: If it's not French, it's crap. We don't support nuclear testing, but we love cheese.
Livewire: We are not obsessed. We are French.
Radiateur: My obsessions include soy or rice milk (though it's not a good idea to mix Ovaltine with either).
What is the antithesis of your band?
Beans: Wavestation.
Ask yourselves two questions and answer them.
Do you consider yourselves paranoid?
No. Why do you ask? Do we look paranoid? What the hell is going on?
If the year was 1960, and you were in a city at the seat of Shelby county, Tenn., US, on the lower Chickasaw bluff on the Mississippi river in the extreme southwestern corner of the state, a city which had a population of, oh, say about 500,000, a city that was founded in 1819 by several rich proprietors from middle Tennessee and named for an ancient Egyptian city, a city whose growth resulted from the expansion of cotton raising in the south-central states and from its transportation facilities by railroad and by river, and you just happened to be the son of Tithonus and Eos, king of the Ethiopians, and a post-Homeric hero, a beautiful black man, and the first three letters of your name just happen to be the same as the first three letters in the name of the aforementioned city, and the other three letters in your name spell out the answer to this question in the greatest of the Romantic languages, what would your answer be, translated into English?
No.
Anything else to add?
Lostbean: ... buba te amo con todo mi corazone sin ti siento sin yo ...
Livewire: Postcard contest! Whoever sends us the best postcard(s) wins up to three two-tiered organs.
Contacts:
Stefan Udell, 26520 32nd Ave., Aldergrove, BC, V4W 3E8/ Tygh Rongnon, c/o Denise Wilbert, Petite Route du Moulin, 21570 Belan Sur Ource, France•

Who are you? (names, ages, instruments played)
Jose Cappocci, 20yr old geezer, bass guitar, recorder, whispering.
Tetley, 19, electric guitar.
Mr. Chris, 19, pots and pans.
Edward T. Montgomery the III, 18, electric guitar, go-go gadget voice box.
State your purpose.
Mr. Chris: Rock over London, rock on Chicago.
Edward: To solve the Cadbury's secret, through the process of unlearning.
How do you describe yourself to relatives who have no idea what you play?
Jose: I say we play rock n' roll.
Tetley: I tell them we're emo-core, which sounds like the ocean in the morning.
Mr. Chris: We're moody and sad, but you'll still have to plug yer ears.
Edward: I tell them we are really really progressive rock music and watch their faces as they go, "huh?"
What ever happened to "Interview Hell" favourites, Anthony Monday, the Forgotten, Ruckus and the "eh" Team? How did they end up assembled as Slough of Despond?
Jose: All bands just seemed to fade away due to musical differences, moving locales and in-band politics gone bad. Tetley and I started jamming after Ruckus broke up and after jamming for a few months, we ran into our old friend, Mr. Chris. He told of his interest in playing pots 'n' pans so we united under the sound of the ocean in the morning. We played a few shows as a trio and then Edward was moving to Vancouver, so we decided to all unite as one under the sound of the ocean in the morning.
Where are all the other members of those bands? Who are your contemporaries?
Edward: Well, since Anthony Monday hasn't totally broken up yet, I can tell you what Forgotten is doing. Glen (the drum-

mer) drives a Mustang, deals pot, goes to jock parties, and has finally revived his musical talent and is drumming for another one of those fat recordesque bands. Spencer (the bassist) who I miss seeing on a regular basis, skates like life. He graduated this year and is moving to Victoria. Chris (other guitarist) has been living in Vancouver for a year and has worked in Subway where he's gotten held up thrice. Anyways, to make a really long story short, he's now started a ska band which I hope works out.

Jose: The other Ruckus members are playing in a ska band called the Skavengers, but I think they are changing the name and playing some shows soon.

Mr. Chris: The two other people in the Eh Team are currently on a military mission in Djibuti. Perhaps they will return one day and politely annoy you with their jingle-jangle sound.

Plus Laura, when will a new *Jerk* zine rear its head? Where's your co-conspirator now?

Tetley: *Jerk* finished because discharge got captured by the borg. We might be putting out another as soon as she stops wasting her money on candy ... I don't eat candy. My new zine bud is Jose and we do a zine called *Suburbanite* ... so send in the candy!

What mythological figure does each Spice Girl represent?

Edward: The Spice Girls aren't mythological characters. They are actually the cartoon heroes Jem, as a dance group.

Were you ever supplied with condoms by a guidance counselor in high school?

Edward: Condoms are just another tool of the establishment to bring us down — use one or get none, well I like 'em, ya I like 'em and I'll use them all the time.

Tetley: Discharge stole them all to make balloons.

Mr. Chris: No, 'cause my guidance counselor didn't think I could get any.

Jose: No way jose. I got no guidance either.

Counselor? Counselor? I do love the sound of the ocean in the morning.

You liked tha juice, eh?

Yes, we liked the juice.

Anything else to add?

Jose: The juice isn't as good as the sound of the ocean in the morning though.

Edward: Teepee for my courtenay.

Mr. Chris: Gabbo! Gabbo! Gabbo!

You can get a copy of *Suburbanite* and contact us from either:

Tetley, 5831 Wallace St., Vancouver, BC, V6N 2A3/ Jose Cappocci, 2325 Mt. Highway, North Vancouver, V7J 2N2.•

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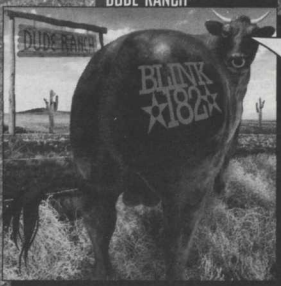
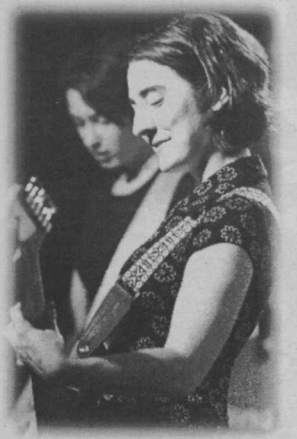


BLINK 182
Howdy pardners! Hook yourself into the new Blink 182 release "Dude Ranch". It's Coooo!! Where's my skateboard!

UNIVERSAL MUSIC

Nerdy Girl

by Julie Colero/photos by Barb Yamazaki



"IF I COULD BE A CAFE, I WOULD BE. I WOULD BE A BEAUTIFUL CAFE."

Cecil Seaskull, the one and only Nerdy Girl, *promised me tonnes of conversation to sift through. She delivered. An hour's worth of tape becomes a whole lotta paper, so here are some of the highlights of my comfy chat with this amazing woman.*

Julie: I've noticed that you seem to have people in the band coming and going; is there no steady line-up?

Cecil: No.

So whoever wants to work for you for a while ...

Oh yeah, and you know what's even best? If you don't know how to play an instrument, just come on, come on tour with me!

Are you touring a lot?

Um, no; I did a tour this summer, and today is the last day of my May tour. I live in L.A. now, so I've been doing shows around town, but just alone, by myself with a guitar.

So you don't really need all the extras?

I like playing with a band, because it's fun to be part of a gang. The band that I went on tour with right now is a different band than I went on tour with this summer, which is a different band than recorded this record. Which is a different band than the *New Jersey 7"*, which was me and Gordon.

I saw a video on MuchMusic a few years ago for 'After Having Cried,' on *City Limits* or *The Wedge* — this little fuzzy video, stuck between all this really mainstream stuff, and I thought that was really cool. Have you had much luck getting played on MM or on radio?

On college radio, yeah. I've got another video out now, for 'Iceman,' and Sook-Yin plays it all the time. I just got to do my first MM interview, in Toronto; I was very excited.

Was it live?

No, it's going to be edited. They came and they shot the show, and me and Sook-Yin talked. We didn't talk about music at all; all we talked about was love. I thought, 'Oh my God, now all of Canada is going to know that I'm a freak!' Everyone was trying to convince me that this is a good thing, 'Yes, Cecil, you are, you're a love freak, and that's OK!'

With the name Nerdy Girl, it almost seems like an attempt to cash in on the whole indie-rock, used-to-be-a-nerd, now-I'm-a-star movement.

No, not at all. I was just going to call the band, my project, Cecil Seaskull. I had written a song called 'Nerdy Girl,' and it was about going to see *Star Wars* for the first time. Later, I had a dream that I was on-stage in front of what seemed like thousands of people but was probably only 20. They announced me as Nerdy Girl, and I was like, 'No, Cecil Seaskull!' Everyone was shouting, 'Nerdy Girl!' so I thought, oh well, I guess that's the name of my band now.

Do you write everything?

On the record, Gabe, Ron and Kim wrote their own parts, but I came in with the skeleton of the song — my part, my melody, my words — and I'd go, 'Here's the song, it goes like this.' Then everybody would add a part. The most exciting thing for me about getting to work with different people is learning.

Can you notice a difference in your output *when you're working with different people*? Do you get different kinds of sounds?

Absolutely. I don't think that you should ever try to do the same thing over and over again. The whole music process for me is all about growing. All this exploring, this trying to resolve my problems with relationships, or boys, or women, whatever. I think that the chance that I have to play with different people and to learn changes me. I live in L.A. now. My heart has been broken a different way than it was on the last record, so my next record will be completely different. When I go back down to L.A. I'm going to record a new record, and instead of having one band that I work with, on every single song I'm going to have different people playing. Some songs will be very sparse, and some songs will be very loud.

Do you want to become a star? Do you want fame?

I just want to do good work. I want to be able to put out another record. I want to be able to go on tour again. I don't mind living off crackers and stolen truck-stop peanut butter, as long as I can get on stage and sing and play.

[*Cecil returns to this subject later on*] Last time I talked to someone from *DISCORDER*, a few years back, we had this big long conversation about being popular and selling out. I said it then, and I'll say it again now: as long as you remain true to what you're doing *and you try to do good work ... [although] I wouldn't* mind affording a little more food ...

So you were originally from Montreal?

That's where I was living for the last seven years. I'm originally from New York City.

So you're not really Can-con! Sneaky!

I feel like I'm both Canadian and American. I did all of my formative growing up in Montreal. I became an adult in Canada.

It's really obvious for everybody else who is in my life — they all know that I write songs about everybody in my life. When I kiss a boy, I say, 'Hey, you know, I might have to write a song about you.' I don't kiss very many boys, but usually when I do, it'll be SMOOCH! and they'll be like, 'Allright! Write a song about me! That's cool!' But this one boy, who I've just written my whole new record about, he's the only person I've ever smooched who responded to my line with, 'Oh ... I don't know about that ...' I think it would be best if he never listened to the new record. Poor guy. *Twist Her* was written mostly about one person, like, he's been my muse for the last ten years," and I find that really inspiring. I asked him if it made him uncomfortable that I wrote all those songs about him ... he came to a show in New York, and I was standing on stage, singing all these songs about him, and I was just laughing. I'd sing 'you,' and there he was!

No ego trip for him?

No. It's kind of a joke between us. I don't think it would be such a terrible thing to be somebody's muse, do you? I think it would be kind of exciting.

Everybody wants to be the subject of a song. Everybody wants to be that important to somebody ...

Except for this one guy; he's the one in a million who doesn't. Oh well.

When you came in here and heard your *music playing, did you like that? Do you* like listening to your own music?

It was weird. I thought it was kind of thrilling.

Yeah, Nerdy Girl playing at Subeez, the most hip and cool place to be in Vancouver ...

I'm a big cafe girl. I love cafes. I think that the most important thing about a cafe is whether or not you could write a novel in it. There aren't very many like that.

So do you have lots of time to check these places out?

It's my favourite thing to do. If I could get a degree in sitting in a cafe — thinking and writing — and it could be my job, it would be my ideal job.

Since you're moving around so often, do you end up spending a lot of time alone?

Yeah, I like being alone. I do like being out with people, too. It just never occurs to me to call anybody to go to a cafe with me, ever. I always just do stuff by myself.

Solitary time is really productive for you, then?

I do so much sitting in cafes, just thinking. If I go with people, it's a different thing. But if I go to a cafe and a friend of mine runs into me, I almost feel uncomfortable. I don't know what to do; I have to *talk*. That's the good thing about Julie [currently playing in Nerdy Girl], is that we were in this cafe, and we both just sat there and wrote. I liked that.

It's very rare that you can find others that are comfortable with that. To be able to have this mutual understanding with others that talk is not always necessary is nice.

Yeah, because when I want to talk, I'll talk. I like to talk ... but writing in cafes is probably about the most important thing in my life.

So there will be a little novel to go along with the next Nerdy Girl record?

I've got about a zillion started novels. I've got about the first 15 pages of about ten novels, but a novel's just so long ... I'm good at the first 15 pages, though ... Maybe with the next record there'll be the first pages of ten novels. People can fill in the blanks. Who am I to oppress their imaginations?

It's like a Choose-Your-Own-Adventure, but with a whole lot to choose?

Exactly! I'll give you the start-up — a few characters — then you fill in the rest. That'd be good.

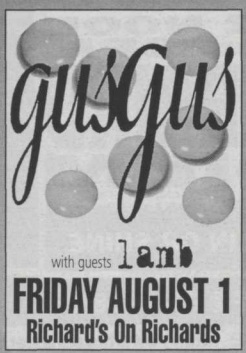
You mentioned something earlier about another band, Bite?

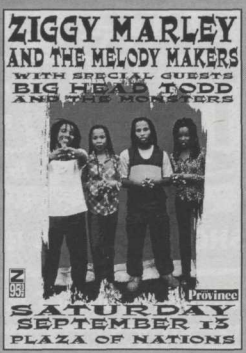
Julie and I used to be in Bite together. We have a new project called PR 1, which is a little bit harder. I've got some songs which are my Ridiculous or my Angry, and I don't feel like there's a place for that in Nerdy Girl.

You'll remain happy as long as you can keep putting out music?

It's all about storytelling. Right now, I'm doing it through music. Maybe one day I will write that novel; maybe I'll get past page 15. Maybe I'll write a script, maybe I'll act. I don't know. It's all the creative process, it's all doing good work. I just want to do good work. I want to explore all avenues. When I'm done with Nerdy Girl, I'll move on to the next thing. I just want to create ... and sit in a cafe.•

UNIVERSAL CONCERTS CANADA





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UNIVERSAL CONCERTS CANADA

Ida

Ida is a really nice band. Liz Mitchell and Dan Littleton started playing guitar, singing and writing songs together in New York in 1992, and made a tape which their friends at Simple Machines liked. Miggy Littleton joined two years later to drum and sing and toot the occasional melodica, and Karla Schickele from Beekeeper became a permanent member last October when Ida needed a bass player to tour with.

*The band, who play beautifully soft music with heartbreaking harmonies, have released two full-length records (*Tales of Brave Ida *and* I Know About You*) on Simple Machines, have many limited-edition 7"s out, will be releasing a compilation album of instrumental songs and 4-track recordings in August and will be recording another record in the winter.*

We were privileged to have the company of Ida in an alley outside of Seattle's Velvet Elvis and also had the pleasure of witnessing a fine performance.

by Lisa Chen-Wing
Photos by Barb

Were you in bands before Ida? Anything we've heard of?
Dan: Maybe, probably. I've been in bands probably everyone has heard of ...
Miggy: The Shit, The Assassins ...
Dan: ... Mayonnaise Youth.
Liz: They're from Annapolis, Maryland. I'm going to be helpful here, and explain things. Wanna explain where you're from, guys? Talk about yourselves?
Dan: We're from Annapolis, Maryland — that's where we grew up.
Liz: And Dan had a band called The Hated — punk rock.
Dan: Yeah, and Three Shades of Dirty. Liz was in Nine Stories, and Lisa Loeb. Karla was in the Home Fries.
Liz: She's also in Beekeeper.
How many records do you have out?
Liz: Two full lengths, a split 7" with Beekeeper, a 7" with Simple Machines, a split with Dead Wood Divine on Tree Conspiracy Records in Philly.
Dan: They're also Annapolis spawn. We've got other 7"s coming out in the next couple months.
Liz: A split with Portastatic, and a split with Secret Stars with a zine.
So, you're based out of New York, right? Do you have a sense of community with other bands?
Liz: Definitely. Karla's band Beekeeper, our friends Babe the Blue Ox, The Hand, Dan's other band. Miggy has a band called Scarpetta.
You [Miggy] did some stuff with Containe as well ...
Miggy: I played drums with them for about a week.
Dan: He did a tour, it was a little more elaborate.
Miggy: Yeah, I had a great time with them.
Dan: There's a big incestuous music scene in New York, just like anywhere probably. We were totally in love with Beekeeper and didn't think we'd get a chance to play with Karla, we just asked her to tour ...
Liz: ... And she said yes.
Karla: They called me up and said, 'We're going to the west coast to tour. We're going to play music. We need a bass player. We're sure you don't want to go.' And I said, 'Hold on while I clear my life for a month because I definitely want to go.'
So how long have you been out here on the west coast?
Dan: That was like six months ago. We went home for a little bit.
But recently you came out again?
Karla: It's been three weeks.
Liz: At first we were on tour with this woman Lori Carson, so we played at Moe's here [in Seattle] two weeks ago. And then we went back down to California and came back through. Dan and Miggy's sister just had a baby in Portland two nights ago. So we're all like, 'Aaaaah!'
Dan: We're very distracted.
Liz: We planned to spend an extra week out here so that we could be with the family and meet the little guy.
What's his name?
Dan: Joseph Raphael Calhoun Edwards.
Liz: And he was born on my birthday!
Dan: Yeah, while we were playing a show in San Francisco, he was born.
How soon after did you find out?
Dan: About 4:00 in the morning.
Liz: Then we drove up to Willows, CA, because we were playing in Portland last night and at four in the morning I checked my messages and there was a message about the baby. We were very excited.
Congratulations.
Dan: Thank you. I'm still completely incoherent from that. I couldn't stop thinking about it and I just babbled the whole of last night at the show. It was really terrible and I feel really sorry for everyone who had to listen to it.
Is music your full time profession? Or do you have other jobs to support this?
Liz: Well the more we tour the more we're able to not be working. Karla's held on to her day job in Brooklyn as a speech writer.
Karla: I just haven't been there for a few months.
Who do you write for?
Karla: I work in the press office for the Brooklyn borough president, sort of the mayor of Brooklyn. I write speeches for him and stuff, when I'm there.
Dan: Miggy does restaurant stuff, I've been able to live off of music for the last year.
Liz: 'Cause Dan was in the band called Liquorice with Jenny Toomey from Tsunami, and they were on 4AD so he got a little bit of money from that ...
Dan: ... and I also did soundtrack work.
Liz: Yeah, for the Learning Channel. I used to teach nursery school for a while, but it doesn't really fit with this lifestyle.
If you were to go to a Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camp, who would you want as your counsellors?
Dan: Miggy, you pick it all.
Miggy: I'll say Hank Williams, and Damo Suzuki, the lead singer of Can.
Dan: That's a killer combo.
Karla: That's a most difficult question.
Dan: C'mon, Paul McCartney!
Karla: Paul McCartney twice! Only Paul. 1964 Paul McCartney and then 1973 Paul McCartney. Linda, Linda McCartney. Paul and Linda.
Liz: I would say Lucinda Williams, and Cassandra Wilson. Not very rock and roll, but I'm not. Can I add one more? Neil Young. He's the rock and roll side.
Dan: I would say ... aw, man ... Aretha Franklin and Prince.
Liz: Yeah, Prince would have to be there.
Karla: And I think I'd have to go with Chrissy Hynde, and John Lennon. He'd probably be obnoxious, but would be instructional and wise.
Dan: If you ever got bored with what he was telling you, you could always just ask him about the songs you like.
Karla: I can't imagine ever being bored with John Lennon.
Where is your place in pop culture today? Do you have a niche?
Dan: If we have a niche, it's a very small one.
In relation to the mainstream, where do you see yourselves?
Miggy: In our bedrooms.
Liz: I mean, we're at the Velvet Elvis, y'know ...
Karla: That's our place in society ...
... And is it a good place to be?
Dan: It's a good place, it's where we are. We've always done everything on a really small scale.
Do you want to keep it small?
Dan: I think so, at least on the level that it is: where everything feels organic to us, and connected, and it doesn't feel like we have some huge ambition that is off the scales of reason.
Liz: But at the same time, you can't find our records. So there has to be an area in between keeping it small, and existing.
So what's your ambition for the band right now?
Liz: Just to become as great musicians as we can be, and write better songs.
Have you developed?
Liz: Yeah we have, which makes me happy. I don't feel like we're a band that hit their stride with their first record and then never quite got there again. I think we're getting better, and that makes me happy.
Are you guys coming up to Canada any time soon?
Liz: We played in Toronto, and did the east side thing, but you've got to pay to get across. So we snuck across last time, 'cause we had a friend in Toronto who helped us out. We'd *love* to come up to Vancouver but we'd have to figure it out logistically.
Are there any Canadian bands you like?
Dan: Yeah, there are a couple.
Karla: Neil Young.
Dan: Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Jane Siberry ... No, um. Yes.
Can you think of any?
Dan: Well we just played a show with The Softies, and they're kind of Vancouver-based, right? And in Ottawa we played with the Wooden Stars.
Liz: And he has the side project called Snailhouse that's really beautiful.
Dan: I love that record.
Liz: We played a Snailhouse show in Ottawa which was really great. He's so young. He's younger than us. He's like 24, 23. I figured he was older, I was like 'Damn, you're young and you're that good. What's gonna happen? You're gonna get so good.'
Dan: He's a really inspiring person.•

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ELEVATOR TO HELL

Rick White/Tara White/Mark Gaudet

by Jeremy Gruman
photos by Barb

A while ago, I got to chat with the members of Elevator To Hell before their show at The Brickyard. Both Mark and Tara had just had their shoes shined and were eager to show them off to everyone. Talk of shiny shoes soon turned to band talk, and I just let the tape roll.

Jeremy: So now that the tape is rolling, I hope that doesn't cause everyone to clam up.

Mark: Rick was in a band called Clam with Mike from the Wooden Stars and the Underdogs.

Tara: I was in Clam, too.

Mark: You were?

Rick: No, you weren't. That was Bar-B-Q-4-40.

Tara: But I thought we did Clam, too.

Mark: Bar-B-Q-4-40? I never even heard of that band.

Well, how can you not know? This is a Moncton band we're talking about.

Mark: I know. That's just it. That's why I mentioned it, and I am embarrassed.

Rick: Well, anyways ...

Okay, what do you think of the new fixed link bridge in your home province of New Brunswick?

Mark: Ian Scott, who lives in Vancouver, here, walked on the new bridge, or ran it, on the first day.

Tara: I'm not going anywhere near it.

Rick: Yeah, we hardly ever play PEI actually, even as Eric's Trip. We always took the ferry.

Mark: We almost missed it one night, so Eric's Trip did a 23 minute long set because the band before us played too long, but we made the ferry just in time. Driving back on the ferry that night was like the Wire song "Marooned." It was very desolate.

They had Wire playing on the ferry?

Mark: No, it was in my head, and I was trying to translate it to the other band members.

Rick: If I had a ferry company, I'd play Wire on the ferry.

Tara: Wire was playing on the ferry?

Mark: No.

Rick: No.

When is the new Elevator To Hell album coming out?

Tara: In Canada, August 19th or something like that, and September 9th in the States.

[While Tara answered this question, a shady looking fellow approached.]

Shady Fellow: Do you guys wanna buy some weed?

Mark: No thanks, but, man, we got taken care of earlier.

Actually, that leads into a good question.

Shady Fellow: I got doses too.

The last time I saw Elevator To Hell, I was very impressed by the quantities of hash that you were able to smoke. What do you attribute that to? Is it years of practice?

Rick: Yeah, I guess. We're just used to that back in Moncton.

Mark: And you don't need [anything] heavier than hash. Hash is nice. It's scary that heroin and stuff like that ...

Rick: There's a lot of it out here.

Mark: Some kids should try hash and realize that it should never go any heavier than that.

Rick: With hash you can keep yourself but you're just in a dreamy place. It's kind of mellow and you're still there, and you know what you're doing. You can still play music.

Mark: And you can come out of it, if you stop it.

Tara: It's a constructive drug.

Well then, what is your daily average consumption?

Mark: Remember the Bad Brains? They said that they prayed through a daily sacrament. It's hard to say how much. You know, when a man works all day, and you get home, you have a meal, you have a shit, and then you sit back. Sometimes that day can only start at twelve, right before you go to bed. Or if you have a day off you can start it early.

Rick: It's daily a ritual.

Mark: It's nice to ritualize it with the band. I find that Elevator To Hell kind of goes for that.

So what mass, what weight of hash do you smoke before a show?

Rick: Not that much. Just enough that we get into a mood we like.

Mark: When I saw Ritchie Blackmore, I was late for the Elevator To Hell gig, and all I could do was three BTs.

Was that enough?

Mark: No, but it goes from a little bit to too much, and that's not good either. It's good to arrive at a gig about a half hour before, do a little session, and then play. Then you're elevating, before relaxing.

Rick: It's just a mental thing. We don't call ourselves drug users. It's just a mellow thing. I find I get more messed up when I drink a couple of beers. We don't feel like it's a bad thing.

Mark: You [use] so much of it when you put it in paper. The way we do it is conserving more, so it might seem like a lot, but it's probably not any more than just a joint. You can go through it too fast by putting it in paper. We're economical.

Okay, back to the album. What are your general feelings these days about the band and the music?

Rick: We're really into the music, and trying to keep our mission going. We've been making music together since 1990.

Mark: We've carved our thing in stone a bit, but as long as we're still together we're still sort of etching out a history. It's good that we're together.

With Eric's Trip, the band became quite well known. It's like you're starting all over again with Elevator To Hell.

Rick: It took a while with Eric's Trip. In some ways it seems that we're starting over, but to us it's a continuation really. If you change your name, it throws it off. If we had kept the name Eric's Trip, and people just said, 'Oh, they lost Julie [Doiron] and Chris [Thompson], but it's still Eric's Trip.' We'd probably have more people at our shows, but we wanted to give it a different title. We feel like it's a bit different now that we don't have those two people.

Tara: The people who don't go to our shows, just because of the name change, don't know what they're missing.

Rick: People who do come usually notice that it's still the same feeling. We're a lot more together as a band. We have lots of new songs together, instead of just songs that I wrote.

So how different will this album sound compared to *Parts 1-3*?

Rick: It doesn't sound like *Purple Blue*. It sounds more like *Forever Again*. It has a more psychedelic sound.

Mark: You're talking to us on the eve of the debut of the band album of Elevator To Hell. This will be the first band album. Elevator To Hell has two first albums, one that was Rick's Elevator To Hell, and now it's the band's Elevator To Hell. It's cool. How will we change when we get interviewed by the mighty Jeremy after the release of the album? Maybe we'll be talking about toys.

Rick: We just let our lives unroll.

Mark: As long as we keep the band going and our mission going, it's always metamorphosizing into stuff that even surprises us three months later.

What is the mission?

Mark: Well I consider Rick to be the path setter, and I've been following this path for a while and it's been pretty interesting.

Rick: He's just superstitious, and I just go by fate. We're on a wacky path.

People are very excited these days about electronica, and at the start of "Mercyful Fate" Tara screams "techno!" There are also songs on that album where you use some little electronic instruments, and it is one thing which I think makes Elevator To Hell distinct from Eric's Trip.

Rick: Most of the demos for Eric's Trip were done that way, though. None of our stuff is very high tech. I think of a dinky keyboard machine the same way I think of an electric guitar. It's not like a sampler and a computer. It's just a dinky little keyboard. We just like to use what's around and what we can afford. We collect little things and make the best music we can on them.

Mark: But it's neat to think that one of the songs from *Parts 1-3* could be played in a club, because some of them have that sort of thing [hums a little funky beat].

What is the significance of the band's name?

Rick: I think it came from guilt about ways of living. I feel the world around me can be hell. Elevator represents claustrophobicness. It can go up or down. You can get out at any floor at any moment. You can walk around the corner and get beat up, or you can meet some nice person. It's just up and down all the time. On the new record we put Elevator Through Hell on the back, because it's a little more optimistic. We don't want to have this for sure endpoint. Maybe we'll pass through it. Maybe. •

the mountain

OK, so I'm sifting through the heaps of stuff I've amassed over the past 10 months in Hamburg, trying to decide what is worthy of making the trek back with me to Vancouver, and I find a tape of the interview I did with John of The Mountain Goats back in November for an independent radio station here. I originally thought that there wasn't much to the interview, but Father Time has tempered my judgement and upon a second listen I think there may be something to be weaned from it after all. Before you start suckling, however, let it be known that at the time of said interview: a) I had no idea that John would be at the station let alone that I would be asking him questions live on air and it all caught me rather unawares as I was coincidentally sitting in the studio when suddenly the On Air light went on and a nervous German started motioning in my direction; b) I had not yet heard a single snippet from the then new Ajax Records release Nothing For Juice (since then the Goats have released yet another album, Full Force Galesburg, and the mighty Ajax empire has sadly been scoured off). Although I have been an admirer of the Goats ever since I discovered the Sweden album on the CiTR playlist, I am far from well-versed in the relevant details and lyrical subtleties that any decent MG fan would bring up if put in a room with a Goat and a microphone.

At the time of the interview, The Mountain Goats were in the midst of their European tour (with Peter Hughes, of Nothing Painted Blue and various Franklin Bruno collaborations, replacing Rachel on bass) and that day they had travelled down to Hamburg from John's beloved Sweden. Ever since I laid eyes on the Sweden album, which features a Swedish flag on the cover, Swedish versions of all the song titles, and a lengthy expose of the widely misinterpreted nature of the Swedish people, I had been wondering what this Skandinavian obsession was all about, so we began with the obvious question ...

by German correspondent and CiTR member, Kazi Stastna

Kazi: So what's so great about Sweden?

John: Well, in Leipzig they thought I was a fascist, because a lot of white supremacists think of the Skandinavian countries as the Aryan homelands. They think of it as the ideal state, and when they picture it they picture a lot of blonde, blue eyed people.

Kazi: Like yourself. [John is a brown haired, dark eyed feller.]

John: Yeah. Well, no.

[Note: "Verbal irony is a figure of speech in which the actual intent is expressed in words which carry the opposite meaning. The ability to recognize irony is one of the surest tests of intelligence and sophistication." From *The Handbook of Wit, Humour and Satire*, Max Hueber Press, p.13]

John: What they picture is 1) a uniform race and 2) the recent 20 year trend in fascist thought has been toward old pre-Christian religions, most of which sprang out of Sweden and Norway. They call themselves Odinists and they worship Thor and so on and so forth. In Leipzig it was a great interview. The first question he asked was, 'Why is your album called *Sweden*?' which is a pretty common question for me now and I told him and he said, 'But is it a political issue for you?' And I said, 'Political, how?' and he said, 'Well, people who talk about Sweden in Germany tend to be fascists. They tend to be people who want to go there to get away from Turkish immigrants.'

So that has nothing to do with it.

Kazi: So why is your album called *Sweden*, John?

John: Well, I was raised on Ingmar Bergmann movies and August Strindberg plays. Running through all Swedish literature, there's a great strain of sort of a thirst for pain, a thirst for the far extremes of bad experience — not the sort of thirst for pain we get in German — and in French and in American art, where people want physical desolation and behavioural extremes to accompany these sorts of ugly corners of the mind we can go to. In Bergmann and Strindberg nobody has to do anything to get to those dark places — you don't have to become a junkie, you don't have to start whoring yourself, all you have to do is find the place in your brain that you don't want to admit exists. In a good Bergmann movie, nobody does anything at all! They just suffer. Ahh [sighs], it's terrific!

Jan [the German moderator who is a bit of a Skandophile himself]: So have you ever been to Finland? It's even harder.

John: No. I met a Finn last night. I will say this against Sweden: me and Peter really love it up there and it's like the only place I've ever been where I'm thinking, you know, would I sign away my American citizenship to own a nice piece of property out here among the cows and the nature part? I would move to Sweden and probably have no regrets, but their men, they show up at a club at 8:00 and by 8:20 they've killed five beers and they get louder and louder and louder, and they just don't stop drinking. Our theory is that since a beer costs about 9.50 DM [$9 Cdn.] up there, and that hurts to pay that much beer, you wanna pay for four up front, get 'em in your belly and then you won't have to think about it any more.

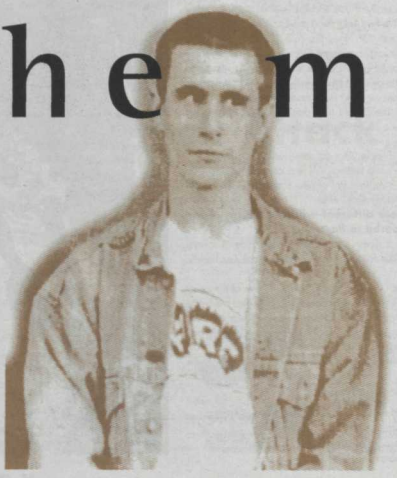
So they drink awful hard up there and they get real loud and that can be irritating if you've had a long night and it's 4:00 in the morning and they say, 'Come on, you wanna go out dancing!' [imitates the slurred speech of a drunken Swede], and you say, 'No! I want to go to sleep!'

Kazi: [So,] what about Rachel?

John: Rachel lives in California and I live in Iowa now. She has a full-time job, I do this for a living. Peter Hughes is a substitute teacher so he can get time off whenever he wants to, so Rachel and I aren't working together any more. ... Am I even audible here? I'm pretty far from the mic.

Kazi: Yeah, it's kind of disturbing, but this mic picks up everything, so if you scratch yourself or anything ... hey, what a beautiful lead-in — speaking of Scratch, you [the Extra Glenns] did a *song on a Scratch Records compilation* ('Sure' on *Sidereal Rest*). Scratch Records from Vancouver, Canada, and there's a Scratch Records here in Hamburg too, isn't that odd?

John: That is the strangest thing I have ever heard. I just don't know if I can go on. Yeah, you know, I've been apologizing to the guy from Scratch.



Kazi: Why?

John: Because he called me on the worst day of my life.

Kazi: That sounds dramatic.

John: Well, I know, it's now the second worst day, but at the time it was the worst day. I had been seeing a woman named Lethie for five years ...

Kazi: Oh no ...

John: OK, so Rachel and I went and did our first out of town show ever, in San Francisco, right? We'd been playing together for six months or so and we got this offer to do a show at the Thirsty Swede, coincidentally enough.

Kazi: This was when?

John: Oh, I don't know, four, five years ago. We got this call, decided to do the show, did the show, and when I came home, for various reasons, I decided that my relationship with Lethie was over. She was in Yellowstone Park at the time so

she was out of town. I knew what was going down when she came back from Yellowstone and she didn't have a clue, right? So she showed up at my house to say hello and 'the thing' happened, the thing about which Douglas Coupland writes compellingly in his most recent book ...

Kazi: But we won't get into that ...

John: We will get into that. The dude is nuts.

Kazi: The 'dude' is crap.

John: You can disagree with his approach, [but] you can't call it crap. His writing is sterling, sterling, and I will pull rank as an English graduate, I will pull rank. You can argue with his thesis — you can argue very broadly — and you can certainly say, look, he's selling you a bill of goods as a Canadian perspective which isn't a Canadian perspective and he's lying to you. This you can say, but you cannot assail his style, it's beyond reproach.

[clears throat] Anyway, so we get back and I broke up with my girlfriend and we'd been seeing each other for five years, so the next day I was predictably a big mess, and I'm walking around the house just wailing and listening to the same Randy Newman song over and over and over again, and the phone rings and I look at the phone like it's my mortal enemy, but it's my stated position that no matter how you're feeling you should answer the phone.

Kazi: Politely.

John: Well, not necessarily politely. You can say, 'Hi. It's your nickel.' The only time you don't have to answer the phone is when you're having sex — outside of that, you gotta answer the phone. This is my position. So the phone rings and I answer it, 'Hello,' [imitates a cracked, heartbroken tone] and this voice says, 'Hi, is this John? This is ...' what is it? Douglas? Bruce? Anyway, 'This is some Canadian guy from Scratch Records, how ya doin'?' 'I'm not so good.' 'Oh, well, what's wrong?' 'You don't wanna hear it.' 'No, what is it?' 'Listen, I just broke up with my girlfriend of five years, I wanna get off the phone. What can I do for you?' 'Oh, I'm sorry, I heard you guys were touring.' 'No, we played one show.' 'Oh, well when are you coming up to Vancouver?' 'I don't know!' And he wanted to keep me on the phone, and I really wanted to get off the phone. Then he started telling me — and this is the thing that which, while I'm apologizing, the apology to him which I've never gotten to make personally is: I'm sorry if I was a dick on the phone, but at the same time, he tried to feed me a line that people can feed you a month after you end a long-term relationship and it's time for you to get back up on your feet, and they say, 'Listen, there's other people out there.' But we're talking about 16 hours after the break-up of the longest relationship of my life and he says, 'There's a lot of good looking women out there!' I *didn't* need to hear that right then. I didn't want to know. So, anyway, that's my Scratch Records story.

Kazi: And that's how he got you to do that song?

John: No, no. That was all through Franklin [Bruno of Nothing Painted Blue]. Extra Glenns stuff goes through Franklin, that's part of what makes it the Extra Glenns. I don't have any say except he OKs it with me, but I don't do the setting up. I don't decide which song, I don't do the mixing, I just show up and punch the clock. I put down the basic tracks and then Franklin does whatever he wants with them, and that's kind of fun.

Kazi: OK, let's listen to another song. What are we going to hear, John?

John: 'Cubs in Five,' which didn't happen because the accursed Yankees won, who are an American League team.

Kazi: This is a baseball reference, for all you who are lost.

John: If you stay tuned, I will tell you more about why it's just totally wrong that they won.

Kazi: No, if you stay tuned, we won't talk about baseball!

John: Ohhhh, yes we will! Believe me, you don't escape from a room with me without talking about a little baseball.

[Insert musical interlude here: 'Cubs in Five' from 9 *Black Poppies*.]

Kazi: So yeah, 'Cubs in Five' — what exactly does that mean? [Remember, folks, we're in Germany here, where the name of the game is Fussball, and it means soccer.]

John: Well, that means ... in fact, I'll tell you one thing — the man singing backing vocals on that was Peter Hughes himself. He plays bass with me on tour now. When I wrote the song I was pretty happy with it and I called Peter and said, 'You gotta come over here. I've written the funniest song, the first funny song I've written in over a year and I want you to sing on it.' But, um ... Chicago Cubs are a baseball team that haven't won a pennant since ...

Kazi: What's a pennant?

John: The pennant is the league championship. Baseball is split into two leagues: the American and the National. The American League is a Communist plot, the National League is the only genuine baseball. The American League is false, because that's not it. Well, in the American League the pitcher, the guy who throws the ball to the batter, doesn't have to go up to bat. He can have somebody bat for him every inning, it's called a designated batter. This, my friends, is deeply immoral. This is wrong.

Kazi: So, wait, what was a pennant again?

John: The pennant is the league championship. There's an American League pennant and a National League pennant. The Cubs are a National League team and they are perennial losers — they lose every year and they lose spectacularly every year — and some years it looks like they're going to make a run for it, but then they lose. This next year, they're gonna win. But either way, the song is a series of improbable things and the most improbable things are mentioned in the chorus: the Cubs will beat every team in the league and the Tampa Bay Buckaneers, who are an American football team who also suck, will win the Superbowl. My boss at Ajax has yet to grasp the ironies, and they're, like, right in your face. You can't get a lot more bald with irony than that, but all he thought when he heard the song was, 'Yeah, John, but the Cubs suck.' I said, 'No, Tim, listen to the other things being mentioned — life on the moon ...' And he goes, 'Yeah, but the Cubs suck.'

[At this point Patrick, a DJ at the station, enters the scene and attempts to make a smooth transition to regular programming, which includes an announcement of the upcoming Butterglory concert.]

Patrick: Do you know the band Butterglory?

John: They're pretty good. I'm playing with them in Holland. I was working at Touch and Go [Records] when *Are you Building a Temple in Heaven* came out, and it's fine with me and for what it is, it's real great. I don't slag 'em, it's just that that's not the sort of stuff that I listen to much. Generally speaking, the standard indie rock setup doesn't do much for me — I'd rather listen to pop music.

Kazi: What kind of new stuff do you like?

John: Suede, the new Suede album.

Patrick: You really like them?

John: Love it.

Patrick: It's disgusting!

John: Pulp. I think Pulp is probably the best band around right now. The new Electronic album. I listen to a lot of hardcore: Born Against, Men's Recovery Project, Ass Factor 4, Propaghandi, who are Canadian and they rule; they're amazingly great.

Kazi: From Winnipeg.

John: Winnipeg, Manitoba. 'Southern Manitoba prairies pulling at the pant legs of your bandit [?] skies' is a lyric from one of the liner songs on their album *Less Talk More Rock*, which, incidentally, is chalk full of the kind of politics which really pulls my chain these days. They're radical vegans. I'm not a vegan, but I am the sort of vegetarian that if you eat meat, I will tell you that you're wrong; I'm one of them. I swear to God I was selling records after the show in Sweden and to everybody who bought a record, I would say, 'Thanks for buying it, are you a vegetarian?' And if they said yes, I would thank them when they asked me to sign it, and if they said no, I would write, 'Thank you for buying this record, stop killing animals.'

Kazi: 'Meat is murder!' Something along those lines?

John: Yeah, I would write that. I write it in German when I'm here.

The official end of the interview gets kind of lost in the standard college radio chaos of DJ shifts and abrupt broadcast endings. As Butterglory's take on "the standard indie rock setup" pumps over the airwaves, Patrick and I try to get John to admit that he was only kidding when he said he liked all those British bands, so that we can sleep soundly knowing all is well in our indie rock universe, assured that our indie icons really do have good taste, but to our dismay John explains (rather exasperatedly, I might add, although it's us disenchanted fans who are taking the fall here) that people always expect him to listen to the same kind of music that he plays but that he considers himself to be the best at what he does, and hence has no need to hear other bands doing similar things. Now, I don't know, maybe that's a completely valid explanation — if perhaps a slightly pompous one — but I still think it sucks. I mean, come on — the guy looked me straight in the eye and said he liked Take That!

Talk about separating the art from the artist's record collection ... jeesh!•

• review

MOUNTAIN GOATS
Full Force Galesburg
(Emperor Jones)

How to describe the wonder that is the Mountain Goats? The finely crafted musical treatises; the acerbic sting of embittered love; the grand sweeping truths illuminated through near-frantic acoustic strum on very familiar chords. Each song an epic.

Using material drawn from the dust-bin of history, a surreal Alpine landscape slowly emerges — one dotted by Roman dictators, Vegas runaways and seal-obsessed madmen. This is the world you can never leave.

On this latest effort by the unbelievably prolific Mr. Darnielle, territory both strange and lovely is once again painstakingly charted. The tape-recorder's homely rattle, which filled the first handful of albums, is now long ago forgotten. Along with an increasing utilization of the studio for ever expanding musical arrangements, this album contains some of his most complex work yet.

(Purists fear not. It ain't like the Boston Philharmonic dropped by to jam ... a lone harmonica really adds plenty to one guy + his guitar)

Though *Full Force Galesburg* does exhibit the considerable skills of collaborators **Alastair Galbraith**, **Peter Hughes** and **Bob Durkee**, it also marks the departure of sometime partner **Rachel Ware**. Her gentle bass and soft vocal counterpoint are to be sadly missed.

Also gone is some of that old vitriolic bite. Not to say that jagged little pebbles of lyric aren't strewn liberally through these 16 songs. They are. It's just that after the richness of a few dozen listens fades, it's the sweet popping candies which remain. Chiming.

Witty, clever, insightful as ever and rarely less than absolutely stellar, if John's most recent foray into the spilt paintbox of fragile, unkempt love shows him mellowed somewhat, we can't really fault these tender strokes. I mean, hey. The guy's in love!

Stu Marvel

goats

SPACE

by Christine Gfroerer

Stardate: June 9, 1997

Space, the final frontier ... argh! Not more bad Star Trek clichés! Recently, I had a chance to speak with Tommy Scott, the singer and bassist of the 5-piece band Space, from Liverpool, England. Space are pretty big back home in ol' Blighty, where they've released five successful singles on British indie label Gut (also home of Saint Etienne's Sarah Cracknell!). Here in Canada, Space are just another relatively unknown English band playing in your hometown. I caught up with Tommy in Space's tour bus, parked outside of the fabulous Starfish Room.

Hopefully, with the domestic release of their album Spiders *on Universal Records and a song on the Austin Powers soundtrack, they'll enjoy success in North America as well. Okay, they may not be the next Oasis, but with a sound that's been described as "ghostly techno-pop," "acid-house showtunes," and "eccentric cartoon-inspired hip-hop," who needs Oasis?*

***DiSCORDER:* Have you always been called Space?**

Tommy: I've been in other bands, but this one has always been called Space. I've been in other bands that never did anything, [like] when you're a kid and you're just trying to get in that one band that's going to make it; I've just been in bands that [have] gone and went.

Have your experiences touring North America been pretty good so far?

Yeah, it's been brilliant this time. Because obviously the last time we came over, it was horrible because our guitarist, Jamie, told us a day before we came to America that he was too ill to go. So we came over with a guitarist that we met the very morning we were coming to Canada and he hadn't even learned my songs. I had to take on the whole set, Jamie's songs and everything. I was singing too much, night after night. And plus, we'd already done about four tours in Britain. And we had toured Germany [as well]; it was too much.

Was it good in Germany?

We went through Germany, but it was more like we played Denmark, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, places like that.

Are you popular in those places?

Not really, we're just building it up. 'Cause we are so big in Britain, America wanted us first. So we [did] it the wrong way 'round. Usually bands [that] make it in Britain go all around Europe and then come to the States, we just [came] straight to the States. So we haven't really played many places in Europe yet.

How does it feel playing smaller venues?

I love it, it's more intimate. You can shake hands with the people in the audience and get to know them. When you're playing a big hall. There's always a big gap and the fence is up to protect you, which I end up jumping across to get to them.

There was a rumour that you played a venue in Britain somewhere and the audience started throwing bottles at you.

Yeah, it was just one girl. We were playing a place in Sheffield [England], and there was one girl who was trying to get Jamie's attention and kept trying to grab him and grab his guitar while he was singing a song. And because she couldn't get his attention, she got upset and she basically walked around to the back of the audience and started throwing bottles at us. So it wasn't [the whole audience], it got blown out of proportion, it was just the one girl.

Do you find you get hassled about your lyrics by journalists? I've read articles where they've poked fun at the lyrical content of your songs, particularly, 'Female of the Species.'

No, not really. We had one person come to us and say it was sexist. But there's no way, I'd never agree with sexism. They got the wrong idea, just because we mentioned witchcraft and things they thought we were calling women witches. It's about women being stronger than men, more powerful ... Women are more intelligent, they can use their brain more and manipulate situations. I just think they're more clever.

'Female of the Species' was used for the *Austin Powers* soundtrack. How did that come about?

Yeah, it's on there somewhere. He likes us, Mike Myers ... all his family and relations are from Liverpool. We went 'round to his house to watch the film.

Do you ever get compared to the Happy Mondays because of your dance-fusion/guitar pop style?

Yeah, which is bogus to me because I don't even really like them. I mean, I appreciate that they wrote good stuff: It's simply because we use dance beats as well. But they don't write stories. Their lyrics are more trippy lyrics, you know what I mean? You don't really understand them, they just wrote whatever came into their heads. We write proper stories. There's no way you'd ever find 'Female of the Species' on a Happy Mondays LP. I just think it's rubbish, it's a terrible comparison. But I can see why people do it, because we use hip-hop beats and things.

Some of your songs remind me of other strange songs. For instance, your last single, 'Dark Clouds,' sounds very similar to 'Club Tropicana' by George Michael's old '80s pop band, Wham!

The song was originally supposed to be more like 'Female ...' but when we got in the studio — we were just having a laugh — we thought we'd try and make it sound tacky and '70s sounding. We didn't have Wham! on our minds, it was more like Spandau Ballet or something like that. But the actual song is about two manic depressives, so it's not like a happy song — it's got weird lyrics to it — it's twisted. [But] I like Wham! I think they're cool. I can understand it sounding like [them] 'cause we use that sort of sound on the keyboard as well and the melody. But every song sounds like something else, you just can't hear it half the time. I've written songs and it's been recorded, and about a year later, [you hear it] and you think, fucking hell, it sounds like that [something else]. The chorus of 'Female ...' sounds like the verse to 'Walk on By' [by Burt Bacharach] which you don't realize until later. You don't consciously do it, it's by accident. There's only so many melodies, so many chords. Most successful bands ... sound like someone else because it's more acceptable. You said that our music sounds different, but some of it sounds like other stuff. So like it's more acceptable, people hear it on the radio and think, 'That sounds familiar ...' so you know what I mean? It's more accessible.

Is the British music press pretty fickle?

Definitely. The lucky thing was, we weren't fashionable anyway. We weren't like Oasis, we didn't sound like Oasis or Blur or anything like that so they couldn't pinhole us, they couldn't put a label on us. So we just had to do it ourselves and break through radio and TV and things. We only just started [getting on] our first front pages of the *NME* and *Melody Maker* not so long ago. So it took us a while. Which we're glad of, 'cause if the press create you, they're the ones who knock you down as well. We don't care if they slag us off.

Have they been slagging you off?

Well, like every paper does. What you have to realize is that if someone slags you off, there's about a hundred people working for that paper and not everyone can like you. Some people love us, some people hate us. It's just the way it is, that's life. If everyone loved us we'd be multi-millionaires!

You'd be The Spice Girls! No, don't worry, I won't ask you if you have a favourite Spice Girl!

Good, 'cause I haven't got one!

Me neither! How do you like Vancouver?

I love it here. It's brilliant! It's the best place we've been for shopping up 'til now.

Where did you go — Robson Street?

Yeah, and Granville and the mall or whatever you call them.

What did you buy?

I love it — this! [points to his Nike t-shirt that says "soccer" instead of football, which is the term they use back in Britain]•

WHERE IS NOT WHAT YOU WEAR

This is a roundabout commentary: I am going to write about modern culture, describing something about how fast paced it is, how it is dynamic and multifaceted, a flux of particulars adrift, a diverse weave of action. But I will try not to become glazed over by it all, nor should you, and that is my point really. Entertainment and technology are recognized prime vectors for rapid cultural development, as well as being two prioritized conditioning influences where money and power offer guidance (and "friendly" restriction). Their influence articulates the type of dynamism referenced, especially in terms of image or impression (spectacle or "PR"), re-informing our sense of place and self, challenging our capacity to "get a grip." In conjunction, as an attempt to re-enchant the marketplace, the postmodern aesthetic, albeit distilled and anaesthetized, has become a contemporary sales pitch, a spin, an impression, encouraging cultural relationships based on estrangement (de-centred-ness). The resulting pressure from this retooled business focus is a misleading gloss, it is involved and conniving; readers, be on guard for postmodern-lite! To illustrate this discussion, and examine postmodern-lite's incorporation into the mainstream, I am going to detail an interesting evening I spent with some friends: I swept through, and was swept through a heterogeneity of cultural texts, of meaningful/meaningless spaces, recreating an imagined subjective self out of fragments of interaction. Oh, what an accomplishment, but for whom? Do I gain or lose? When does hype end and experience begin?

How easy it can be to take advantage of people by allowing them to willingly choose to be taken advantage of, and what a little glam (fun) will do as lubricant.

First, let me describe the evening: my friends and I drove to the Virtual Sports Club. Located by BC Place, the club contains a variety of video games, a few novelty virtual reality games (baseball, ping pong, and my favourite, fishing), some other interactive sports theme games where the customer/participant actually enters a caged area, and best of all, the rock climbing wall. The space is large and mostly unadorned. The larger games are laid out roughly in a ring with the smaller video games grouped in the centre, defining a circular pathway. The whole time we were there, loud contemporary rock music played, attempting to homogenize the din from the games. The patrons wandered quickly around, presumably caught up in the electricity and velocity of the environment, becoming aroused from every angle.

I could talk about the single minded and simplistic premise of the games, the potentially desensitizing overload of aimless stimuli, or, for balance, the readers deconstructing the games with their own pleasure and use. I could also talk about the making of profit with the assistance of the suspiciously hypnotizing quality of the overpriced games — intentionally designed as much for this as for entertainment, I'm sure. Or maybe this is just modern Extreme Living, based on fun worship: enjoyment is an almost primal motivation, one that can potentially undermine all authority or narrative bias, we are told. But if it can take unmediated control, compelling an "ends justifies the means" hedonism that is as free floating and unpredictable as the signifiers it navigates, then it can also be a hazard, a regulating mechanism of a different sort, it has its own demands (the force of fun). In this respect, the Virtual Sports Club shamelessly increases sensual arousal without a substantial opportunity to expend it in any creative or valuable way, not even sublimation, just temporary yet addictive distraction for a price (that's fun?). And what happens to all that energy? Just as we were beginning to leave, a real fist fight broke out. It was a scary yet funny reversal. Physical violence in a virtual arena, a moment of tangible action surrounded by implied accomplishments. Then again, I could simply say this: people were having a good time. Besides, the evening did not end there.

On the way back to the car, we took a brief detour to phone another friend. The phone booth used was right at the main entrance to the bustling Plaza of Nations. We never left this complex of buildings. There is a distinct influence from the architecture of the site, resonating with purpose and history. The structures are all dull concrete, inorganic and huge, surrounded by lights, motor ways, stairs and overpasses. Intended for orchestrated spectacles of controlled mass enjoyment, they represent massive capital investment in the entertainment industry. Yet they can also be taken over and rewritten, designated with new values and purposes (by intransigent nomads, with small-scale efforts and goals, mind you). In the very crowded plaza itself, a band was vigorously playing old, and by now very familiar to anyone who has ever seen a commercial, soul and rock songs (how come banality is never postmodern?). Incidentally — and this is an "Isn't modern telecommunication technology cool? We live in a postmodern time don't we?" — kind of advertising friendly detail, my friends and I recorded some of the music onto our other friend's voice mail. While some of us were making the phone call, the rest went into the nearby casino. As for the band: I attempted to get a look-see, but was stopped by a security guard. I asked him what was going on and was told that the band was playing a private party celebrating an international gathering of rugby players — another "It's so postmodern that the world is small, isn't it" detail, eh?

Eventually I made my way into the casino. The decor looked like a fair quality hotel lobby, leaving the impression of failed classiness, with all the ambience of a bingo parlour. It was smaller than I expected and quite full of people. All the tables seemed busy, and the clientele was young and eager to play. There were also a few wayward rugby players, ignored yet standing out, wandering around in party hats, name tags and glow-in-the-dark novelty rings. Surprisingly, for all the clatter of chips and punctuating calls to end betting, the place was relatively quiet. I wasn't interested in playing any games, I just stood around for a while watching and then decided to go. Before I left, I noticed that some (decorous and ubiquitous) televisions were playing the current live hockey game. First they showed players skating around with the Stanley Cup and then switched to wrestling — placeless, timeless intertextuality. Postmodern, right?

So what can I say about the casino: It is the rationalizations that go with gambling that I find odd, the thinking behind the choices (confidence, certainty?). I am reminded of Pavlov, Skinner, Behaviourism, schedules of reinforcement and the learning of superstitious or magical behaviour. Not that I uncritically hold total stake in these theories mind you, but they do indicate something of the — often — simplicity of human psychology (distraction). How easy it can be to take advantage of people by allowing them to willingly choose to be taken advantage of, and what a little glam (fun) will do as lubricant. In this respect, I think of Las Vegas, a city built by American organized crime. Las Vegas is such a perverse intensity, a bewildering city, but it is really only different by degree from the underlying logic of so much of our consumerism focused culture. Vegas is also important in terms of cultural politics, particularly in terms of discursive or imaginative possibility, serving as a mechanism of discursive disengagement (one that relies on extremes as well as embarrassment). Las Vegas makes the rest of our culture seem less serious because Las Vegas is anti-serious, its credo is: give 'em what they want, forgive and forget, just do it! With all of its "carefully organized to be delirious" abundance and ridiculousness, it is consciously a parody of itself. Las Vegas causes critical debate to halt, to become totally inappropriate; it is so much of an object of attention that it disappears, becoming mythical, far too unreal to be real. Yet Vegas is blatantly resonant with the underlying badness, the dark side, that comes with urban technological society: it is informed by desperation, alienation and anxious capriciousness. But Vegas doesn't care, avoiding accountability behind a masquerade of chance. Chance serves several purposes, but mainly to draw people in and to diffuse responsibility. Overall the odds are still in favour of the house. Money moves mostly in one direction, make no mistake. This is largely unavoidable, the whole environment is the market. Yet, for all the reasons listed above, the reality of the questionable political economy here, not to mention the people involved, seem to evaporate into Nevada's dry air like clouds of billowing words. Now It's true that I'm prone to dramatics, but I felt Las Vegas' psychotic influence in the casino. Then again, I'm not a total stiff. I do recognize the wanton thrill of chance and undecidability, the pleasure of frivolity, and the fair judgment of controlled betting for fun. Most compellingly, I found out later that my friends made $80 on a small bet — another indisputable, anecdotal bit of evidence in favour. Either way, I went home.

I went back out into the plaza, past the band and rugby players, across the street and up the stairs running along side BC Place. That's when the fireworks began, lighting up the sky. They had something to do with the international gathering of rugby players. I watched them for a while and then continued on my way home. They were still going as I passed along several blocks. Eventually I came across a very drunk man. As I passed, he looked at me and said with gaiety, but in total seriousness, "I love Canada." At first I thought this was simply funny, an unusual but appropriate ending for a weird evening, but he left an impression. I thought more about how he came to his conclusion, his thinking. He looked at the information available to him and made an assumption regarding its meaning. Being right or wrong was not really at issue, it was more a matter of negotiation and placement, of recognition and sense making. In light of the drunk man's conclusion, I felt self-conscious for the smug, knowing aloofness by which I had appreciated my evening (in the modern spirit or style). My romantic impressions and resulting giddiness, aligned with the swing of the times, became revealed as hype-gullibility. I don't mean to imply that this man's drunken observation was somehow more free or purer than mine, which it wasn't. But in witnessing his conclusion, from the outside, my convoluted observations seemed overblown and clumsy. They were similar in type but overdeveloped in form, and furthermore, where did they come from? He presented a disinterested challenge with the earnestness of his observation, reversing the momentum of my opinions. My old chain of associations became stark and subjective, while the remarkable human capacity for "getting a grip" was rendered briefly clearer. Here was this man who thought it was Canada Day, while in fact, all this other crazy shit was going on.

What fantastic productions we are capable of, what amazing methods of appreciating experience. With the right spin, everyday existence can quickly seem to become greater than us, taking advantage of our ways of thinking and speaking, our conceptual ability (imaginative potential). This is the same type of glorious revelation that is guiding (business style) popular culture's recombination of postmodernism for commercial ends, and we should become critical and aware of it. The commonplace can become spellbinding if it is gratuitously focused upon, it becomes estranged and distant from human action, almost magical. But it is only as magical as a robot or computer animated image, it is a matter of technique and methodology. The danger comes from losing ourselves in our thinking, culture or machines, by letting it all get overwhelmingly beyond us. Communications technology can encourage this sort of disassociation — like Las Vegas can, for that matter — derailing dialogue (all this fits with popular culture too, for sure). The simplicity of the issue here is that it is highly unremarkable that so much happens at once. Big deal. But this is the new big spin: it is a mystification enabled through how we are becoming mediated by knowledge of simultaneity (intertextuality). Simultaneity has always been, and will always continue to be a common matter of existence. The final point of this text, the moment of reversal itself, is found in the notion of hype. The drunk man centred me on this point, his concision deflated my metaphors and creative excitement, my evening became reduced, grounded. My new position is this (like Chuck D): I don't believe the hype. And my evening's events and features helped confirm this to me. Sure it was transformative, sometimes opening things up, sometimes closing them down, but so what. I feel that the critical observations I had about the events of my evening are still valid, but the characteristics, consequences or effects potentially attributed to this postmodernism-lite are misleading. I prefer to distinguish the two. Business style postmodernism is more apparent (an apparition) than real. It is a sales pitch that is certainly about text (or hot air), but the world isn't necessarily also just that. Here's to keeping it real in '97. Hang on, more to come.•

mr. kitty poulin

basslines

by dj noah (djnoah@cyberstore.ca)

Vancouver has long been known as a city that produces more rock stars than almost any other city in Canada. An endless list that includes **54-40**, **Bryan Adams**, **Sarah McLachlan**, **Art Bergmann**, **Barney Bentall**, and many others. We have also spawned some of the most popular industrial acts the world has seen, such as **Skinny Puppy** and **Front Line Assembly**. While all this was going on, the rest of the world was pushing forward and experimenting with TECHNOlogy. Samplers replaced vocals, drum machines replaced percussionists, and synthesizers replaced guitarists. Then, with the addition of computers, the world of music expanded to an almost infinite size, making just about any conceivable sound possible.

Not to be outdone by the rest of the world, there are those in Vancouver who have been toiling away in basement studios, writing and recording electronic music. Some of the earliest to do this were **Mulhouse** and **Red Sector 1**, and some of the newest are **Mere Mortals**, **Sect**, and **Phaedra**. Live electronic shows are becoming increasingly popular, and deejays who play this music are gaining cult status that was previously reserved for "rock" bands. With this explosion in electronic recording artists comes the need for labels to distribute their material. Up until 1996, a smattering of albums had been released on record labels in name only, set up primarily by the artists themselves. This was because there were no labels in Vancouver that would take the risk that came along with this type of music. A lot has changed, however, in the last 18 months. Now, one has a choice of labels depending on the type of electronic music: **Subconscious** for industrial/experimental, **Subduction** for ambient/electronic, **Map** for organic west coast electronica, and soon, **Blue Water Systems**, which will be dedicated to releasing cutting-edge material.

Eric Chalmers, one of the founding members of Phaedra, is the brains behind Blue Water Systems Recordings. The sound of the label will be "mutant late-night warehouse music" and will cover a range of styles, but will not necessarily be broad based. Within the realm of electronic music, there are a myriad of styles, only some of which BWS will be interested in releasing. Eric believes that it is the right time for this label to be born and that it will be able to compete on the global market. His philosophy is simple — to release local artists whose sound pushes the boundaries of music and challenges the listener. If a particular market has a large DJ base, then they will be targeted for distribution because Eric wants the world to know that there are different sides to Vancouver, not just the ones they can currently hear.

The idea for BWS came about because Phaedra needed an outlet to release their material. They create a wide range of sounds and Eric was having a hard time finding a label to take his project to. He finally decided to create BWS. All of the staff for the label will be locals who have the right vision and skills to work at putting another Vancouver electronic label on the world map.

As for the other artists on the label, Eric is keeping this somewhat quiet until the time is right. The first release is slated to be a compilation. BWS will be contributing alongside Vancouver's already established electronic labels and might even generate more interest in these labels as well as for themselves. Watch out for releases, tours and other excitement that will have BWS stamped all over it.

Some quick reviews: for all you **ORB** enthusiasts, *Orbscure Trax* (Island) is a seven-track excursion into remixes of some of their best work, including a jungle mix of "Toxygene." For more traditional four on the floor material, check out **BARADA**'s *Strategies for a Deeper Design* (Plus 8), 11 tracks of hard house that covers both the funky side and the techno side. If chilling out is more your style, Planet Dog Records is always a good choice. The ***FEED YOUR HEAD*** compilation is a musical journey to the subconscious, guided by the likes of **THE STAR SEEDS**, **EVOLVER** and **SOLAR BUDD**. For jungle lovers, I have two CDs for you: ***ARTCORE 3*** (React America) is a compilation of the best jungle artists on the scene, and it's all expertly mixed by L.A.'s DJ Wintermute. The *Artcore* series is dedicated to groundbreaking jungle sounds but is still accessible to those who find it an incomprehensible sound. **WE**, the trio of DJ Olive, Loop, and Once 11, have released their debut album *As Is* (Asphodel). It is a moody piece that deftly combines jazz, jungle and hip-hop. Layered and textured with rich tones and complex percussion, *As Is* should prove to be one of the best jungle releases of the year. •

TOP 103 + THREE
NEW WORLD AFRICAN MUSIC

THIS MONTH	SINGLES CHART	LAST MONTH
1.	BERES HAMMOND	HEARTBEAT	20
2.	LUIS SALINAS	FUNKY TANGO/CHA CHA ROCK	GRP	14
3.	WAILING SOUL	TENSION/FUKUOKA	BIG SHIP	13
4.	RONNIE LOVEJOY	SLEEPING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S BED/TAKE IT PERSONAL	ACE (US)	7
5.	RAY VEGA	PARTIDO ALTO	TROPIJAZZ	11
6.	PAQUITO D'RIVERA CUBANAZZ	CALZADO del CERRO/MESTIZO	TROPIJAZZ	19
7.	EXODUS QUARTET	SUMMER SOLSTICE/GROOVE GUMBO	INSTINCT	18
8.	HELEN BAYLOR	AMAZING GRACE/ONE BROKEN ME BACK	WORD	15
9.	WILLIE HUTCH	LIVING WATER/HIDING PLACE	MIDWEST	17
10.	DIANNE REEVES	OLD COUNTRY/BESAME MUCHO	BLUE NOTE	26
11.	Israel Vibration	Life is Real	RAS	24
12.	Jimmy Cliff	Crime (Orig. Reggae Mix)	Isl. Jam 7"	16
13.	Marcus Printup	Eclipse	Blue Note	29
14.	Everton Blender	Just Wanna Be/The Man	Star Trail (UK)	45
15.	Miss Lovelle White	Automatic Love	Discovery	33
16.	Barrington Levy	Living Dangerously (Remix)	Time One (Jam) 7"	3
17.	Mayra Leak (Incognito)	Misunderstood/A Shade Of Blue	Talkin' Loud	48
18.	Phil Woods	Nada Sera Como Antes/Dois Pra La	Chesky	36
19.	Beenie Man	Nuttyal/Oh Jah Jah	Greensleeves (UK)	47
20.	Lynn White	In The Wrong/Losing Battle	Blues Works	9
21.	Gerard Noufet	Migration/Tierra Roja	Marquee Music	6
22.	Zachery Breaux	135th St. Theme/Back Into Time	Zebra	32
23.	Shirley Scott	Shades of Bu/Carnival	Candid	1
24.	Tony Toni Tone	Thinking Of You/Loving You	Mercury	28
25.	Ritmo Y Candela	Senor Blues, Mbuka Enoko	Round World	34
26.	Peggy Scott Adams	Turning/Bill	Miss Butch	39
27.	Al Jarreau & Oleta Adams	Waters Of March	i.e. Music	41
28.	Carib Jazz Project	Tpoded Motion/Zigzag	Heads Up	44
29.	Monty Alexander's I. S. S.	To The Ends Of The Earth/Killer Joe	Concord Picante	4
30.	Orchesta Tropicana	Colegiala (Remix)	Ind.	65
31.	Tim Cunningham	Drastic Measures	Atlantic	5
32.	Christopher Ballin (Incognito)	Labour Of Love/Without You	Talkin' Loud	53
33.	Lenny White	Savant	Hip Bop	42
34.	Manfredo Fest	Route 66/Tenderly	Concord	54
35.	Grover Washington Jr.	Mystical Force/Village Groove	Columbia	73
36.	Kenny Burrell	Groove Merchant	Concord	63
37.	Brooklyn Funk Essentials	Big Apple Boogaloo (Sir Geo. Mix)	Daredo (UK)	12
38.	Marlena Shaw	Woo-Wee, Baby You're The One/Dangerous	Concord	54
39.	Tropijazz All Stars	And Sammy Walked In	Tropijazz	--
40.	Special Gift	A Set Time/Yours With Love	Crystal Rose	2
41.	Alphonse Mouzon	Protocol	Tenacious	22
42.	Chaka Khan	Everywhere/Never Miss The Water	Reprise	46
43.	Yomi Bolo	War Monger	RAS	51
44.	Burning Spear	Loving Dub	Heartbeat	25
45.	Michael Brooks & The Nation	Sooner/Help Me To Fight	CGI	8
46.	Rahsaan Patterson	Soul Free	MCA	97
47.	Bobby Womack	No Way Out Of Loving You	Sin-Drome	--
48.	Hilton Ruiz	The Girls In Love/Body & Soul	RMM	60
49.	David Sea	Statue Of A Fool/Back In Love Again	JVC (UK)	--
50.	Mikey Spice	Row Brother Row/Follow The Lead	VP	--
51.	Eddie Harris	Little Sunflower/Joshua Fit The Battle	Musicmasters	104
52.	Stephen Scott	The Heretic/Forever More	Verve	59
53.	Adriano Evens	Love Is All Around/In The Sun	RCA	--
54.	Levert	Whole Scenario/Keys To My House	Atlantic	--
55.	Dionne Farris	Hopeless	Columbia	71
56.	Beres Hammond	Good Love/From A Distance	VP (UK)	10
57.	Lewis Taylor	Bittersweet	Island (UK) 12"	81
58.	Mykal Rose	Ruff & Ragged/Ordinary Man	Greensleeves (UK)	21
59.	Toriko	Forever/Sonegaby	Xenophile	60
60.	The Jazz Crusaders	File Mystique	Sin-Drome	--
61.	Jason Miles	Memphis 2000	WEA	23
62.	Bra'Jack'J. DeFrancesco	Funk Pie/Pork Chops And Pasta	Concord	67
63.	Joyce	Samba Da Zona/Feija Com Arroz	World Pacific	35
64.	Luciano	Life	Island Jamaica	31
65.	Vesta (Eric Marienthal)	Until You Come Back To Me	i.e. Music	--
66.	Glenn Turner	I Need A Lover For Myself (Mixes)	CDJ 12"	30
67.	Giovanni Hidalgo	Yesterdays	RMM	27
68.	Jimmy Smith	Angel Eyes/Li'l Darlin'	Verve	80
69.	Buckshot LeFonque	James Brown Pt. 1 & 2	Columbia	--
70.	India	Love Me	RMM	38
71.	Ed Hamilton	Southstreet Shuffle	Telarc Jazz Zone	89
72.	David Sanborn	Rikke/Southern Exposure	Elektra	96
73.	Jamiroquai	Everyday	Work	84
74.	Gerald Adams	I'm That Kind Of Man/Choose Who You Want	Cooks Hill	94
75.	Jesse Jones Jr.	Papa Stepper/This Is The Thang	Contemporary	--
76.	Charlie Hunter Quartet	Talking' Blues/Lovely Up Yourself	Blue Note	--
77.	Ten City	All Loved Out (Joe Claussell Mixes)	Ibadan	--
78.	Jackie Mclean/Junko Onishi	Bluesnik/Jackie's Hat	Blue Note	--
79.	Jazz Jamaica	Barbados/Nubia	Rykodisc	52
80.	Tito Puente/India/Basie	Wow/What A Difference A Day Made	RMM	70
81.	Dru Hill	In My Bed (Mixes)	Island	72
82.	Everette Harp	Right On/Inner City Blues	Blue Note	--
83.	Nayarican Soul	Mow Latin Blues	Grant Step	37
84.	Urbanator	Anytime Anywhere	Hip Bop	--
85.	The Congos	Rock of Gibraltar/This Could Not	RAS	--
86.	Mary J. Blige	You Bring Me Joy	Uptown/Univers	--
87.	Holland Tunnel Project	Feel The Way	Liquid EP	57
88.	Marienthal/Grusin/Ritenour	Captain Bacardi	i.e. Music	--
89.	Junior Mance	Mercy Mercy Mercy	Enja	--
90.	The Holmes Bros.	Train Song	Rounder	--
91.	Bobby Hutto All Cdi. Jazz Ens.	Flamenco Ain't Bad/Recuerdos	Ubiquity	50
92.	Beres Hammond	Bad News	Star Trail 7" (Jam)	--
93.	Toni Gang	Village Caller	VP 12"	43
94.	Black/Nate	Allergic Reaction/Double Indemnity	Impulse!	43
95.	Alfonzo Hunter	Just The Way (Mixes)	EMI (UK)	40
96.	Albita	El Chico Chevere/Corazzon Rumbero	Crescent Moon	69
97.	Norman Conners	The Captain's Choice	Mojazz	--
98.	The Quiet Boys Way	Up There/Guiding Light	2 Kool (UK)	--
99.	Gwen McCrae	Loving Peter To Pay Back Paul	Goldwax	--
100.	Ron Thompson & Gypsalero	Senor Jeroldko	Ind.	--
101.	Sir Kent	I'll Take My Time (No Need To Rush)	PMP 12"	--
102.	Bobby Lyle	Inner Peace	Atlantic	--
103.	Solomon Burke	Use Me, But Leave My Mind Alone	Point Blank	105

Plus Three

104.	Dean Frazier	African Elation/A Place Called Africa	Isl. Jam. Jazz	--
105.	Cunnie Williams	Take You Higher/Hopefully It Won't Happen	Yo Mama (Grey)	74
106.	Kevin Mahogany	Little Black Samba/When Oct. Comes	WB	78

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JULY 1997
EL TOPO EL PEEZ

1. GETTING STRONGER	BERES HAMMOND	HEARTBEAT
2. BENEATH THE SURFACE	INCOGNITO	TALKIN' LOUD
3. A WALKIN' THING	SHIRLEY SCOTT	CANDID
4. A TWIST OF JOBIM	VARIOUS ARTISTS	i.e. MUSIC
5. ECLIPSE	MARCUS PRINTUP	BLUE NOTE

MOLEDEE OLDEES

THE O'JAYS	LONELY DRIFTER
CLARK TERRY	ELECTRIC MUMBLES
JACKIE WILSON	LONELY TEARDROPS
SIL AUSTIN	SLOW WALK
PABLO MOSES	REVOLUTIONARY DREAM

OUR MANDATE IS TO PLAY FOR YOU OUR FAVORITE NEW WORLD AFRICAN MUSIC
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7-inch

by stu marvel

Back in the saddle again, and Lord don't it feel good. Much travel and little time, so let me just a) congratulate my roommate for placing a very respectable second in her baseball tourney, b) urge anyone with crackpot apocalyptic theories and/or dreams of feature film stardom to CONTACT ME IMMEDIATELY, and c) send hopes of seeing you all at this summer's impending Yoyo a Go Go Olympian music mecca-fest.

OK. Starting off in Japan:

Flying chord fury.

Hyperkinetic garage surf.

Ow. Finger blister.

The **MAD 3** tear through two covers inspired by Bruce Lee's portrayal of *Green Hornet* sidekick Kato in the short-lived 1967 TV adaptation. Their frenetic version of the show's theme nearly detonates an innocent metronome — a bloody sun-crazed wasp zooming 'round the speakers — so I prefer the slinkier B-side. Some nice samples of Lee dealing kung fu KOs to deserving villains, too. Music to fight crime with. (Time Bomb Records, Toporo 51 Bldg. 3F, 2-18-18 Nishi-Shinsaibashi, Chuo-ku, Osaka 542, Japan)

Ach, Scotland! Land renowned for malt whiskey, hairy sheep and the disquieting giblety collision of the two: electric haggis. The lovely lasses of **LUNG LEG** will be your tour-guides for the "Teen-C" revolution today, with fellow Glasgow popsters **Bis** and **Yummy Fur** all busy propping up dance-weary feet down at the pub. Compared to their first couple of shout-burst EPs (just married and re-released by Kill Rock Stars) this *Theme Park* single is an epic sprawl: both songs clock in at over two minutes. Fizzingly enthusiastic, our four kilted cheerleaders bounce cheerfully along while clanging out jump-rope anthems for the underground sock hop. Not quite your cup of Scotch Broth? I can only respond with the Camber Tosser's Motto: Life is better with a little twee. (Guided Missile, PO Box 11413, London, N19 4AH)

Catapult over to Germany for a blast of B-movie raunch that took its sweet time trickling to our side of the pond. **THE SATELLITERS** freak it up in '60s-trash style deeply indebted (or so it says on the back cover) to Spokane, Washington combo **THE MAKERS**. Octaned go-go garage punk that'd feel right at home on the Crypt label, I have to wonder what's up with the S&M leather duds these boys are modelling ... maybe sprucing their fairly standard brand of groove with a little naughty? I guess it can't hurt. (Pin Up Records, Bismarckstr. 23, 33615 Bielefeld, Germany)

New York, New York. The city so nice they named it twice. Here we find a split single from **BLISS BLOOD** (ex-**Pain Teens**) and **LIKE WOW** with liquored cover art by comic artist **Robbie Busch**. The first instalment in what I can only hope will be a deeply comprehensive series of *Drinking Blues Classics*, these folks blearily wend their way over yesterday's broken dirty bottles. Miss Blood accompanies herself with the ukelele, vibraphone, violin and singing saw for an afterhours, gin-soaked, shoo-fly rag down at the ol' Cotton Club. Find a porch, a mint julep and a lazy river and drink your downtown blues away. Real fine, real fine. Some wild kazoo and a riverboat shuffle can't save Like Wow, but this is worth getting anyway for the first side's (sorry) Bliss-full meanderings. (Psycho Teddy! 151 1st Ave, Box #229, NYC, NY, 10003, USA)

Well, while we're in the area let's make a stopover in Chicago, where ... *sniff* ... hold on, is there trouble in the air? Oh no, just that **LAKE OF DRACULA** bootleg fiasco-parody-thing-a-ma-jinger I smell. Sporting a "Seized by Euro-Skin Graft" sticker, the record purports to be a boot released by a rival Norwegian label. Word on the street is it's poking malice at the **Snoop Doggy Dog** hype created by Interscope's (not-so-secret) attempt to scatter "unauthorized" bootlegs promoting the Dog's impending album release. Me, I just buys it and I don't ask questions. **Scissor Girls**, **U.S. Maple**, **Flying Luttenbachers** members and **Marlon Magas** no-wave supergroup extraordinaire — these people are experts in focused noise creation. Limited to 300, so you're probably S.O.L. ... but the rather less shambly full-length is in stores now! So go, already. (Skin Graft, PO Box 257546, Chicago, IL, 60625, USA)

Whew. Back at our rainy stomping grounds and we can't stop now.

REFECT REFECT, much like you, definitely want to be part of my rockapocumentary with their equally unorthodox takes on *The Future*. **Sue P. Fox** asks the questions; **Slim Moon** (Mr. Kill Rock himself) has the answers. Performance poetry for disaffected youth, so stop trying to budge and get in line with the rest of us. (Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State No. 418, Olympia, WA, 98501, USA)

The end is in sight but I'm gonna toss three compilations your way double-quick so get ready.

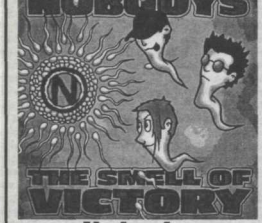
Prey of the *For Paper Airplane Pilots* zine also has a nifty little label which releases (lamentably) infrequent but quietly shimmering pop gems. This is one of them. **LOIS**, **MAD PLANETS**, **LOW** and **THE RECEPTIONISTS** all contribute a song and I can't choose a favourite since I like them all. (Papercut Records, PO Box 12011, Gainesville, FL, 32604, USA)

Destination boasts such lady luminaries as the delightful Heather Dunn (ex-**Tiger Trap**, general utility drummer), Marcy Martinez (ex-**Team Dresch**, **Vegas Beat**), and Rachel Carns (ex-**Kicking Giant**) turning in what seems to be one-off collaborations — except for Rachel's duo **The Need** — under some strangely suggestive band names. **PANTIES**, **LOOKERS**, **NO-NO'S**? I can't bear to fill in the blanks. Maybe the offense to my delicate sensibilities has sent me reeling, but nothing here strikes as going anywhere. (Ross Records, PO Box 15132, Portland, OR, 97293, USA)

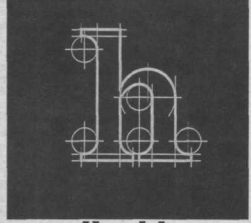
Finally we celebrate our global whirlwind with a transcontinental effort titled *In and out of Love*. Yanks **BEANPOLE** (Verna from **Rocketship**) and **THE SEASHELL SEA** (Pam Chickfactor/**Gloworm**) join Canucks **NERDY GIRL** and **B'EHL** on the oriental autobahn to take turns making heartbreak just a little more melodic. Stupid cupid, stop pickin' on me. (Motorway, 3-2-18-2C Shioyaki, Ichikawa-Shi Chiba 272-01, Japan)

Thanks boys. Thanks girls. Thanks HARMLESS nutzoids with dire predictions of millennial doom.•

Hope for the Hopeless

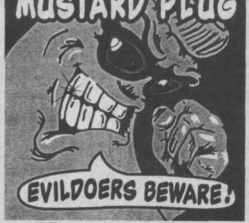


Nobodys
"The Smell Of Victory"
Colorado porno-punk, produced by Warren Fitzgerald of the Vandals
HR622-lp/cd/cs out 7/17/97



Heckle
"The Complicated Futility of Ignorance"
New Jersey Hardcore, West coast melody meets east coast fury.
HR621-lp/cd/cs

88 Fingers Louie
"Up Your Ass"
27 Song Discography, includes unreleased and live tracks
HR619-cd/cs



Mustard Plug
"Evildoers Beware"
Sophomore release from Michigan's ska-punk kings
HR620-lp/cd/cs

Skankin' In The Pit Tour w/Falling Sickness, Assorted Jelly Beans, and AAA

July		
11	Toronto, ONT	TBA
12	Montreal, QUE	Underworld
13	St. Jean, QUE	Chevealiers De Colombes
14	Quebec City, QUE	TBA

Heckle w/Jughead's Revenge

July		
1	St. Jean, QUE	Chevealiers De Colombes
2	St. Ronald, ONT	TBA
3	Montreal, QUE	Underworld
4	London, ONT	Call The Office
5	St. Catherine, ONT	Mindbomb
6	Toronto, ONT	El Mocambo

Digger w/ d.b.s.

July					
1	Calgary, AB	Carpenter's Union Hall			
2	Regina, SK	TBA			
3	Winnipeg, MB	West End Cultural Center			
4	Thunder Bay, ONT	Lakehead University Outpost			
5	Sudbury, ONT	TBA	10	Toronto, ONT	TBA
7	London, ONT	The Embassy	11	St. Catherines, ONT	TBA
8	Kitchener, ONT	TBA	12	Quebec City, QUE	TBA
9	Cobourg, ONT	TBA	13	Montreal, Que	TBA

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under review

BARADA
Strategies for a Deeper Design
(Plus 8/Definitive)
Bryan Zentz (**Barada**) is the latest artist to be released on Definitive, a spin-off label of Plus 8 Records. *Strategies for a Deeper Design* represents the house side of electronica in fine fashion. The basslines are extremely groovelicious with very low and deep kick drums and a somewhat Detroit sound on some of the tracks. There are plenty of squishy sounds to keep you wriggling and cymbal crashes to raise your arms. Add to that some retro '90s techno sounds and you have another quality release out of Windsor.
m-path

BETTIE SERVEERT
Dust Bunnies
(EMI)
Don't believe the brouhaha about this album! The vocals are only interesting about 12% of the time, and the lyrics seem to be a shallow attempt to twist around English platitudes in a **Gin Blossoms** vein. The lead guitar has a couple of interesting moments, but not excruciatingly interesting. The best song on the album is "Rudder," but the lyrics are moronic. If I want to hear people whine melodically about the state of the recording industry, I'll listen to the **Reel Big Fish** album. If you want to hear this for yourself, don't buy it, just find me and I'll give you my copy. It's on vinyl too. Wow.
frank?

BIS
New Transistor Heroes
(Grand Royal/Polygram)
Bis hit the big-time, and look what we get ... more of the same goodness that charmed us all in the first place! This anxiously-awaited (at least by me) full-length gives us 18 punk-pop-disco anthems to shout along to in our bedrooms.

The CD is covered in the same juvie-art of the singles, with cartoony-kid versions of our fave Scot babies Manda Rin, John Disco, and Sci-Fi Steven. The fact that all song titles are listed in English and Japanese reveals much about the marketing — bis are huge in Japan. When they're as cute as all that, how could they miss?

After seeing bis perform on *Top Of The Pops* about a year back, I knew they were unstoppable. Their superior dancing, keyboarding, shouting, and drum-machine manipulation skills made me a self-proclaimed member of the Teen-C Nation (bis have invented their own language, with many cliques and claims to fame therein. The Teen-C Nation are their loyal followers who believe in a better way of life through embracing disco and riotous chants.) Since then I've been collecting singles, and now I've finally got my hands on the full-length. Do the same. Get it, love it. Older songs like "Starbright Boy" — an ode to the '80s — and "Sweet Shop Avengerz" — professing the benefits of eating obscene amounts of candy — mix well with new ones like "Lie Detector Test" and "Tell It To The Kids."

There's just so much happiness on this CD, you've got to experience it for yourselves. Oh, and take advantage of their fan club — I got free stickers, toys, and candy! I love bis!
Julie Colero

BOWERY ELECTRIC
Beat
(Kranky/Beggars Banquet)
The first of the Kranky stable to make the jump (they remain solely on Kranky in the US) and all I can say is thank God it wasn't the abysmal **Jessamine**. Basically shimmering or downcast drones with minimal programmed beats, a drummer plays on four of the 11 tracks, and occasional hushed male/female vocals. The hype on this album has been incredible and while it's not exactly revelatory — think **My Bloody Valentine** relaxing, not layering obsessively, and actually releasing a new record — it does make for a fairly nice, mind-cleansing 71 minutes.

The title/opening track displays the most interesting use of the old scratchy vinyl as percussion trick I've heard in ages, creating an essential fill — a move most effective in its simplicity. All that follows is equally simple, yet not quite as moving, if such a word even applies.

Considering that their previous releases barely elicited a shrug from the indie rock world, **Bowery Electric** are presumably fortunate to have now found themselves tipped as leaders of the burgeoning indie electronica scene whether they like it — or people admit to its existence — or not. Is this occurrence by coincidence or design? Hey, I'll give them the benefit of the doubt; this is a pleasant "nothing happens" album, even if I own and have listened to more intriguing, challenging or unobtrusive recordings. And they look good in their promo photos.
Sean Elliott

THE CHARLATANS UK
Tellin' Stories
(Beggars Banquet)
This new CD by **The Charlatans** did not disappoint me. I tossed it into the player expecting basically what I got: more of the same, lame, "Manchester" sound that worked in 1990 on *Some Friendly*. This disc is no worse than I thought it would be, but unfortunately, it is no better either. The Charlatans will no doubt sneak a piece of the spotlight of boredom from the **Oasis/Blur** camp with this vapid new CD.
venus flytrap's love den

CARLOS DEL JUNCO BAND
Just Your Fool
(Big Reed)
With some blues artists the lyrics, material, and vocal ability come second to the sheer instrumental talent of the performer. **Carlos del Junco's** voice doesn't have a lot of power although it is original and can convey feeling. The material consists of a number of standards (**Robert Johnson**, **Howling Wolf**, **T-Bone Walker**) and a few originals that bounce along in styles that range from New Orleans funk to surf to straight-ahead blues.

It is for the harmonica, however, that makes the album worth a listen. It's sharp, biting and a lot of fun. They are not another Canadian blues rock band (thank god) and while the sound sometimes strays into blues pop territory, it does so with a lot of soul.
Paul Kundarewich

MARK EITZEL
West
(Warner)
Hello VH1!

I can't say that **American Music Club** was ever really my cup of tea. Massive critical darlings though they were, the AMC formula never worked for me because I never understand why someone with the talents and undeniable passion of **Mark Eitzel** surrounded himself with such a mediocre band, one that clearly was incapable of matching what he was trying to express. As a result, AMC never really sounded like anything more than college rock (in the most derogatory sense) to me.

These days Eitzel is flying solo; he's evidently moved to NYC and he's palling around a lot with **Peter** "I moved to Seattle and suddenly lost my southern drawl" **Buck**. Indeed, *West* was co-produced by Eitzel and Buck and was recorded over the course of a couple of days in Seattle, after some rehearsals/gigs at Buck's Crocodile Café last fall. Eitzel is surrounded with a crack band of sorts on this outing, which includes Buck (surprise, surprise), Steve Berlin, Mike McCready, and others, but it doesn't seem to have done much good. This is terribly tepid material, with few hints of passion, few hints of soul. I found myself not being able to care less. Nice packaging, but otherwise ...
Joe Bloggs

THE FEELINGS
Dearling Darling
(Pop Secret/Darla)
The Feelings' debut, *Especially for You*, was unquestionably the out-of-nowhere surprise of last year. Its combination of spazzery and sweet melodies — with oddball on-the-edge and boyish, falsetto dual vocalists — was an all too rare breath of fresh air bringing joy to even the most jaded music listeners I know. Perhaps too loose for some folks, their boundless enthusiasm was more than enough compensation in my books.

While *Dearling Darling* displays more polish and restraint than its predecessor, the level of composition has been upped with an attention to detail which exposes true beauty in these already remarkable (you know, like "Hey, that's good!") songs. Regardless of which is better, I realize the futility of a compare and contrast exercise on two albums from a band far too few people have heard. This is as charming, unique and infectious a collection of "indie pop" as you're likely to find this year ... only **Greengate's** *Metaphysical Vibration* comes even remotely close so far. Right now, this belongs in the company of **Beat Happening's** *Jamboree*, **Half Japanese's** *Charmed Life* and **Built To Spill's** *There's Nothing Wrong With Love*. Will I eat these words? I doubt it.
Sean Elliott

THE FOLK IMPLOSION
Dare to be Surprised
(Communion)
Perhaps I am not a qualified evaluator of the giant opus that is the legacy of **Lou Barlow**. I do, however, own *Weed Forestin*, an early **Sebadoh** effort, and I do like it. But this latest collaboration with **John Davis** is seriously substandard, with sonically uninventive and really underdone lyrics. Neither of the singles, "Pole Position" or "Insinuation," was worth the digital code they've been translated from. I just couldn't find any melodies to catch on to. I've heard rumours that people jump rope in the sunshine while listening to this album, but I'd rather huddle under a blanket with a flashlight and rewrite the speech bubbles in comic books while listening to *Weed Forestin*.
frank?

THE FOLK IMPLOSION
Dare to be Surprised
(Communion)
Unlike Frank, some of us like this CD. Don't believe the unhype — this album rawks out and is the perfect companion to a pink jump rope and a few rays of loving sunshine.
Julie Colero

GUIDED BY VOICES
Mag Earwhig
(Matador)
While almost everyone is busy trend-jumping and coming up with a "sound," virtually no one except these boys has considered writing good songs. Sure, a bunch of bands luck upon one or at best a few per record/lifetime ... certainly greatest hits 7" singles, not more LPs, would suffice. I'll just chock it up to personal, uh, taste.

That said, this album rocks. Pollard has ditched the recent **GBV** touring unit for the most part and hooked up with **Cobra Verde**, a move which even I must admit caused some trepidation until I took a listen. *Mag Earwhig* is their most powerful record to date, thanks to great playing and improved sonics, not to mention Pollard's continued ability to write better songs than anyone going. Yes, there are some of the "difficult"/home-recorded/short tracks that cause some people problems. These are not bad songs, just different, sometimes acting as bridges, others as full-blown concepts unto themselves. To prove a point, "normal" songwriting has been taken on here as well, leaving all comers defeated at their own ridiculous game of conventions. The first single, "Bulldog Skin," is the sound of what **Oasis** should be, yet not even remotely are, and the jagged, near art rock of "Portable Men's Society" comes complete with a hook that amazes. Also, the Doug Gillard (CV, **Gem**) penned "I Am A Tree," is simply incredible — imagine GBV crossed with **Van Halen's** debut.

I'll contain myself from giving it all away, lest you think this is a Ken Eisner movie review. Just let it be known that if you were thrown by the somewhat lacklustre (by GBV standards) *Under The Bushes ...*, the timely infusion of new blood has them firmly back on the track which keeps them the best band going.
Sean Elliott

JAPONIZE ELEPHANTS
Zorlock! Land of the Lost!
(Secretly Canadian)
Cast your minds back in time. Oh, back so very far. Plumb the depths of childhood memories. Now, recall *The Muppet Show*. Picture the down-home jug-band of good ol' boy Okies, toothless caricatures, a-slappin' the double bass and a-twangin' the banjy and a-rattlin' the washboard. Now imagine that the guests that week were **Ween** and **King Crimson** and everybody was really, really stoned. That should give you a pretty clear picture of what the **Japonize Elephants** are all about. In their own words, "Foah drinkin' alone an' sinkin' inta desp'rayshun, theah's no bettah band than th' Jap'nez El'phunts." Hell, I can't help but like them.
Adam Monahan

JEAN MICHEL JARRE
Oxygene 8
(Disques Dreyfus)
The rise in popularity of electronic music has resurrected the beat in several seminal artists such as **Kraftwerk** and **Jean Michel Jarre**. *Oxygene*, parts one through six, was originally released 20 years ago, and today parts seven through 13 are now available. The single for *Oxygene 8* contains four remixed versions by The Sunday Slub, Hani, Takkyu Ishino and Dado and Salsotto. **The Orb's** Alex Patterson declined to remix *Oxygene*, as he felt it to be too much of a cash cow — perhaps that is reflected in the title of the Orb's single, "Toxygene." The music is reminiscent of a *Doctor Who* episode and days gone by, but with a more epic soundtrack feel than techno.
m-path

LORDS OF CHAOS
Electric Mistress/Spinal Grip
(Transient)
If you think that Transient only puts out trance and goa, and you are slightly miffed or bored, here is a release to make you reach for your wallet. **Lords of Chaos** indoctrinate the listener with high speed acid trance with a tribal groove. The beats are hard and fast and the 303 is unrelenting, screaming at the floor in a high pitched onslaught of squelches and cries. The two tracks are very good, "Electric Mistress" being the better of the two. More high paced mayhem from Transient.
m-path

MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO
Original Fire
(Nothing/Interscope)
Meat Beat Manifesto has most likely been the most ignored outfit to have missed the ascension to the techno hall of fame. Unable to thrust aside its industrial hip-hop roots in favour of a more ambient and strategic-trance sound, MBM is what it always has been. Harsh beats, irreverent (and often funny) political commentary, and funky grooves. A bit too hardcore for the discerning contemporary techno aficionado, but for any true tekkie, to *not* have a MBM album in their personal archives means that you're either 1) too young to have understood where the roots of contemporary techno and dub came from or 2) totally missed out on the underground scene of 1988-1993. Either way, you're just totally ignorant. Is it old school? Maybe, but if your average techno fan can't pick out a MBM track alongside other geezers like **Kevin Saunderson**, **808 State**, and **Moby** (circa 1991), then s/he's just a whiny pretender.

So with all that, this latest effort is hardly an effort at all. It's a throwback to what MBM

used to be. Old tracks from the late '80s and early '90s, such as "Helter Skelter," "I Got the Fear," and "Radio Babylon" (a true classic by any standards) have been polished off, sent through the blender, and re-released. It even includes some remixes of "Babylon" by **The Orb** and **Wagon Christ**. Are they any better? No, not really, but they sure bring back some great memories of the old halcyon days of 1992-93, when the art of underground techno was still considered avant-garde.

Christian

THE MIGHTY TRUTH
from the city to the sea
(Stepping Stone)
If you like the **Brand New Heavies** or Mo' Funk bands, or acid jazz/northern soul in general, you'll probably like this release. Good arrangements, funky basslines, smooth vocals, and even a smattering of "electronica" make this release attractive; a good variety of pace and mood is presented as well — slow, fast, sombre, exuberant, joyful.

If anything, the eclectic variety of the songs in total may result in some listeners savouring some tracks but disliking others. Personally, I prefer the funkier selections; I'm not as much into the soul side of the acid jazz movement. In any event, don't let the rather ponderous cover of the Battersea power station (you know, the **Pink Floyd** album cover) put you off — the album in general is quite uplifting, if not overtly "spiritual."

J. Boldt

MODEST MOUSE
***Modest Mouse* EP**
(K)
Joy! Free **Modest Mouse** CD for me! Membership definitely has its privileges ... I've been on an intense Modest Mouse kick since they played here in May with **Thrush Hermit** and the **Super Friendz**. This nine-song EP is the first recorded work I've heard of theirs and it's been playing in regular rotation on my walkman as I wander through daily life. It opens with this bizarre wash of sounds which appeal to the ear immensely. There are a few tracks like this, which make for pleasant transitions from pop song to pop song.

Modest Mouse has perfected the pop tune in that they've got guitar skills down to a minimum, but what they do is crazy. Isaac Brock's lisp is terminally endearing, and his lyrics are often insightful while whimsical. My favourite song is "Summer," in which he sings, "Just the smell of the summer can make me fall in love." I couldn't agree more. This is my summer anthem; make it yours as well. The whole CD will keep smiles on faces till the leaves begin to fall, and maybe even beyond.

Julie Colero

MUSTARD PLUG
Evildoers Beware!
(Hopeless)
I hate getting into conversations about music with people that have "ordinary" musical tastes. The last time this happened, I got stuck in a room full of schmucks with the combined musical IQ of a drunk redneck at a **Kenny Rogers**' concert. At one point, I thought the table had turned when I heard somebody mention ska. Unfortunately, the next sentence was, "Yeah, I really like ska. **No Doubt** is a great band." Now I'll admit, I don't know very much about ska. I haven't a clue what "third wave" is and I wouldn't know a **Specials**' song if it slashed my tires and pissed on my lawn. All I know is that No Doubt is about as ska as a piece of year-old moose shit.

I know, there's probably a million pissed off ska-hardcores out there right now crying over the toilet, yelling and screaming that **Mustard Plug** is not ska. Well, this has got horns and this sounds like ska so I'm gonna call it ska. The same ska purists would more than likely describe this as ska-punk but the (musical) opinion of a ska purist probably doesn't deserve too much attention. This has got some cool horn riffs and is pretty catchy and will probably be eaten up by all you stupid trendy bastards who can now listen to ska because it's cool to do so. If you like classical ska you probably won't like this, but then again, you probably haven't bought any new music since the invention of the compact disc, so it doesn't really matter anyway.

Dave Tolnai

NUYORICAN SOUL
Nuyorican Soul
(Blue Thumb)
I never thought I'd like anything done in a '70s montage. I've never been into disco and hate everything I've heard of **Earth Wind and Fire**. But I liked this disk. Maybe because it's so tasteful and combines Latin, hip hop and jazz without making a spectacle of itself. The musical arrangements shine through, which I think is in part due to the high quality of musicians involved: big band leader Tito Puente, Roy Ayers, George Benson and Jocelyn Brown all contribute and lend their considerable talents. The styles on the album are very diverse and those expecting a record akin to the *Rebirth of Cool* will be disappointed. This is a record for people who like interesting sounds and/or for those who want to see what the '70s could have amounted to.

Paul Kundarewich

ORANGE CAKE MIX
Silver Lining Underwater
FÜXA
Venoy
(Darla)
These two dandies are the latest two volumes (**Orange Cake Mix** vol. 3, **Füxa** vol. 5) in Darla's amazing *Bliss Out* series. Following **Flowchart**'s *Tenjira* (vol.1) and **Windy and Carl**'s *Antarctica* (vol.2), these two had a lot to live up to. (Vol. 4 is an **AMP** full-length to be released later.)

Silver Lining Underwater is plum-full of perfect one to three-minute dreamy, instrumental pop gems. The tracks here drift along lazily, giving you that feeling of actually being underwater, yet still being able to breathe crisp mountain air. There is only one plain pebble in the bunch and that's a vocal track at the very end which brings the dreamy ride to a flaming crash. But hey kids, buy the vinyl version and you get a bonus 7" with two more yummy bits just perfect for late nights and hangovers.

The duo we like to call Füxa scores again with two lengthy suites. They use keyboard drones, random blips and bleeps with some sparse beats to create truly mind-altering soundscapes. Each piece (Overture 1 and 2) spans one side of a 33rpm 12", so you're in for some time well spent. These two overtures sound like you're being chased through corn fields by flying saucers, only you don't know the saucer inhabitants are friendly until they get you aboard their relaxing ship.

Two more stellar releases — with the promise of seven more — in this blissful series.

Charlie Church

SCREW 32
Under the Influence of Bad People
(Fat Wreck Chords)
Fat describes this as a mixture of East Bay punk and DC Dischord-type hardcore. An oh-so-small bit of this is true. There's a hint of Dischord influence, but not much. The only real similarity is that the more you listen to it, the better and more rational it sounds. It's an interesting album but, good or bad, it's still a Fat album. I like it, but you probably don't care.

Dave Tolnai

SECT + RESPONSE TECHNIQUE + PHOMA
Cube
(Subduction)
A fantastic and dreamy new compilation featuring the music of local electronic music icon Mike Victory, *R. Lakovic* (**Response Technique**) and S. Rosin (**Phoma**). Most of the tracks are slightly dark and create a very introspective and contemplative melancholy that stimulate and creates a flow of emotions.

All over layers of breakbeat and drum 'n' bass, in an ambient kick. The music casts one's thoughts to the future and to dreams of electric sheep and nexus 6. Our bodies remain in the present, swaying, intoxicated by the future electronica.

m-path

SHUDDER TO THINK
50 000 b.c.
(Epic)
Man, does this one ever stink. Having followed **Shudder to Think** since the early days and been through all kinds of heart-break with them (the departures of Chris Matthews, Mike Russell; the split from Dischord to Epic; the changes in wardrobe; etc.), *50 000 b.c.* is particularly hard to take. In my book, "Get Your Goat" was some kind of a swan song. It was STT's last album with Matthews, Russell and Dischord, and it was the last time they sounded sharp to me. Even at that stage Craig Wedren's vocals were beginning to head into the realm of the self-indulgent, but the music was still reining his experiments in (for the most part). By the time of their last 7" for Dischord, STT was still intriguing but Wedren's vocals were starting to completely overwhelm the act. STT most definitely became "the Craig Wedren Show."

Now, years later, STT are essentially a three-piece with no fixed drummer. They've gone terribly glam. And they've scaled back their vision somewhat. STT's breakthrough, in a sense, was the short but sweet *Funeral at the Movies* (1991), which found them exploring their pop sensibility more than ever before, and more than they ever have since. It was the last time that Wedren's vocals seemed really tuned under control. *50 000 b.c.* very consciously attempts a move back in that direction (they even cover their own "Red House" from *Funeral*). The problem is that the songs have little conviction to them and there's an attempt at a kind of smooth, sexy, glam sound (inspired by **Girls Vs. Boys**? **INXS**? **U2**? Who knows ...) that is really forced. Sad, but true ...

Joe Bloggs

SILKWORM
Developer
(Matador)
"Oh, the new **Silkworm**'s in!"

M. just looked at me and groaned. M. was a big fan of Silkworm in their Joel Phelps days. She'd always had a strong preference for Mr. Phelp's songs over Andy Cohen's. She complained that *Developer* was nothing but an "Andy Cohen show." Having thoroughly enjoyed Cohen and co.'s exploits on *Firewater*, I thought to myself: "That doesn't sound that bad."

Well, I have to admit that I took *Developer* home and it really didn't grab me the way *Firewater* had. I mean sure, "Give Me Some Skin," the opener, struck me immediately as being a very fine track, but it did seem a little melancholic for an opening tune and not a single other song really grabbed my attention on that first listen.

I was starting to think that this "Andy Cohen show" might be a very bad thing. But I kept listening to it and gradually the album started to make a lot more sense to me. It certainly doesn't have the immediate fireworks, nor the thematic unity of *Firewater*, but this, my friends, is a strong album nonetheless. Whereas someone like Mr. Phelps writes songs which have a greater sense of narrative direction and match well with his soulful vocals, Silkworm's songs these days are more disjointed, relying on turns of phrases and an oftentimes ironic tone which is hard to place, yet engaging. The album's highlight might be "Goodnight Mr. Maugham," with its studio out-take/inside joke intro, its subdued and graceful playing, and its odd pauses — very striking. Production by **Steve Albini** (**Bush X**) really shines on this one.

Tony "the brow" Lo Bianco

UK SUBS
Quintessential
(New Red Archives)
UK SUBS
Riot
(Cleopatra)
These two compact discs by the **UK Subs** were both recorded in late '96 in San Francisco and are subtitled *20th Anniversary Issue* Parts 1 and 2. The band has consistently made good music in that late-'70s-British-punk-rock style and these two discs are no exception. Most aged, puffy, has-been punk bands that attempt a comeback just end up sounding like puffy, old has-beens trying to scam you out of your cash. That is not the case here. These old fellows still have tons of energy and intensity, mixed with a general pissed off flavour. If I was picking one over the other, I would take *Riot* (part 2), but both discs are worth picking up. "Hear them again for the first time."

venus flytrap's love den

FRANK ZAPPA
Have I Offended Someone?
(Rykodisc)
In 1985 Al Gore's wife, Tipper, bought her daughter the soundtrack to **Prince**'s R-rated *Purple Rain*. The 8 year old pointed out to Tipper that "Darling Nikki" contained a reference to masturbation. Shocked, Tipper formed the PMRC, Parents Music Resource Center, composed of politically powerful Washingtonians. The PMRC accused the record biz of exposing "sex, violence and the glorification of drugs and alcohol" upon the children of America.

Frank Zappa, who until then resisted taking political stances, campaigned vigorously against the proposed album rating system. In the '60s and '70s, Zappa awakened artists to the freedom guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution but not being exercised. Article 1 of the Bill of Rights states: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Zappa started using that guaranteed freedom in ways no American recording artist and performer had ever done.

Have I Offended Someone? is a group of Zappa's most offensive compositions, spanning from 1973 through 1985. There is something in this 15 piece collection to offend almost everyone: gay people, Jewish princesses, feminists, Christians, satanists, young women from the San Fernando Valley, patrons of the Parisian toilet-kiosk, to mention a few.

Edward Sander, who wrote the excellent liner notes, defines Zappa's musical style as Electronic Rhapsody — stitching together fragments from a variety of sources to form a work. Furthermore, Zappa perfected a genre called songs-stos, or short stories in a song. Most striking in his music are the constant changes, in drum meter, riffs, special effects, unusual chord sequences, and the like.

All the tunes on this compilation were assembled by Zappa sometime in the last year and a half of his life. Of the 15 tracks, special note should be given to "Dumb All Over" and "Tinsel Town Rebellion" (previously unreleased live versions), "Disco Boy" and "Dinah-Moe Humm" (reconstructed and remixed), and "Goblin Girl (VSO'd to a slower speed.)

Be warned. You may be offended.

Daniel Ariaratnam

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Nordic Trax
(Mo' Funk)
You'll find yourself nodding and in some cases stepping whilst listening to this CD. It is good and it isn't from the UK either. Canada humbly contributes to this global, beat-y scene with *Nordic Trax*, released on Vancouver's Mo' Funk label.

I heard a few people bad mouthing this, saying it's shit and whatever, but I can't help but feel that they're slightly slanted in their rashness. New stuff from the US and UK are quickly jumped on while the stuff produced from local places is quickly dismissed. A little expansion is long overdue methinks. Good music is being produced everywhere. Good music can be found in various genres and styles. Vancouver is becoming increasingly divided when it comes to music and all the styles should be brought together somehow. And I hope that Mo' Funk hasn't abandoned putting out the music it has done in the past.

Anyway, sorry, back to *Nordic Trax*. Lovely, beautiful, evocative beats pervade almost the whole CD in a smooth continuous mix. I won't give any special picks because most of the cuts fit together very nicely. The only thing left to say is give this CD a chance; it could be well worth the small trouble.

Girish Rambaran

realliveaction

CARDIGANS
ZUCKERBABY
Thursday, May 15
Vogue

The Cardigans have an amazing following. Sociologically, the audience was almost more interesting than the bands. I have never seen a larger group of screaming twelve year olds gathered in one place.

After enduring the canned music (**Crash Test Dummies**, among others), I watched **Zuckerbaby** commandeer the stage. These boys from the prairies took all their cues, performance-wise, from **KISS**, circa 1978. They knew all the poses, grimaces, and rock star errata that will pave their way to success; however, musically they fall somewhere between the **Northern Pikes** and **Radiohead** (and not in a good way). I predict that they will achieve moderate popularity for a couple of years, get a couple of top ten hits, and then fade away into blissful obscurity. Remember **Icehouse**, anyone?

By the time the Cardigans took the stage, the audience was hyped. The teens were screaming, the floor was standing room only and the majority of the men in the room were dumbstruck with lust. "Nina, I love you!" was the most common exclamation heard that night, pronounced by males and females alike, and at points, the shrieking was so loud you could barely hear the band. I had pretty much given up hope on ever experiencing crowd insanity along the lines of **The Beatles** until I saw this show.

The Cardigans, not being a jump-up-and-rock type of band, sauntered through their set with casual ease. Nina had a look of extreme indifference on her face — I guess after weeks of touring and having random guys scream at you, you start to develop a jaded view of audiences. This was never more true than when they played "Love Fool." It was like they threw a chunk of Emotional Red Kryptonite into the crowd. Men, women, adults, children — screaming, crying, yelling — it was a generally disturbing spectacle. If the band noticed, they didn't show it. I'm sure they saw it in every city across North America.

They did, however, put on a great performance. A mix of old and new songs, and occasional witty banter made it all worthwhile. They were even big-hearted enough to forgive us for the hockey, after we whupped their asses in Sweden that week.

Mr. Chris

ROLLINS BAND
SKUNK ANANSIE
Saturday, May 31
Graceland

Arrived at 8:45 to find the usual pre-concert banter and last minute ticket sales. One guy in line comments on how Rollins is running out of things to be angry with at the age of 38. He has even started using single word song titles for many of his new songs. More chatter. No drink specials tonight. The t-shirt booth is a throbbing mass of eager fans.

The opening act arrives on stage at half past ten. A four-piece band out of Britain, **Skunk Anansie** has toured with **Therapy?** and **Lenny Kravitz**. Lead vocalist Skin has a difficult time keeping her tongue in her mouth for any great length of time. Halfway through the set, fans get to grab the vocalist's tongue with their outstretched prodding and poking hands. Ace on guitars. Cass Lewis on bass. Mark Richardson on drums. Mark Richardson is the only one to escape the explorations of Skin's tongue during the performance. Skin gives every song 100% and hits it every time. Skunk hammers out song after song, each very distinct from one another (formula ballad included) and by the end of the set has the audience in a frenzy. From the top of the staircase at the rear of the building, the view is spectacular. A couple sitting on a sofa want to see my copy of *Do I Come Here Often?* After browsing a few pages, the couple disappears to purchase a copy. As good as Skunk was, by the end of their set the audience was hungry for Rollins.

Lights come on and the stage crew does the usual thing. Spring water and plenty of towels are laid in strategic positions. The sounds of what seems to be **Tom Waits** drift through the growing restlessness. Four figures emerge on stage. Overwhelming most is the presents of Rollins. Someone nearby comments that Rollins looks like a space marine, built like a brick shit house and covered in tattoos. The words "Search and Destroy" are tattooed on his back above the blazing sun from *The End of Silence*. Rollins begins with words: "There is no history. You are here and we are here under this roof. Tonight the music is ours." Five minutes into the show, Rollins becomes the wettest man alive. Killer vocals and compelling stage presence dominate as things are completely ripped up. Songs from the new album. Old songs. Songs never heard before. Running commentary between each. This was what each one of us came here for. Words like, "true love as real as cancer" and "what would you give for real love? I'd give it all." Band members lack enthusiasm. Maybe it's because they know Rollins is the show. Rollins could be touring with **Warrant** and still rip it up. The spotlight is shared momentarily with bass player Melvin Gibbs who delivers a violent assembly of absorbing bassline. More commentary. More Rollins. Has he smiled yet? At the end of it all an audience has never been so exhausted.

After the show the rain pours down. This is real. The music has been ours. Through the exit into the night. Home to read the first few words of *Do I Come Here Often?*

Joel Arseneau

Yo La Tengo @ the Starfish Room

photo by Barb Yamazaki

EASY BIG FELLA
Saturday, May 31
Mighty Niagara

What a great weekend — not only did I get to see the Oscar Meyer Wiener Car up close (a personal quest of mine for almost five years — not that I would ever venture to sample the product), but I also got to see one of the best bands (ska or otherwise) to hit Vancouver in a long time. Seattle's **Easy Big Fella** put in a performance which ranks up there with such bands as **The Pietasters**, **The Scofflaws**, **Bad Manners**, **Jump with Joey** and **Let's Go Bowling** as one of the best live ska shows around — in fact, they may actually warrant the distinction as "the best." Excellent harmonies, a good mix of songs, a hot horn section, and superlative hammond B-3 magic courtesy of vocalist/organist Mike Birenbaum, all combined with a healthy dose of skankability, energy, and humour, make this combo a joy to watch (and dance to, of course).

Song highlights included a lot of new material and some great covers such as **The Wailers**' "Rude Boy" and a wonderful cover of **Devo**'s "Uncontrollable Urge" (this rendition is apparently to come out soon on a ska-Devo covers compilation)! And they performed their swinging, trademark "Satan Song" — a hidden track on their *Eat at Joey's* CD.

Check out the spring issue of *Skadrophenia* for the latest info on mod/ska/rude/scooter/skin culture and music. Besides now being the home of the Kinder Nacht mod comic, *Skadrophenia* has some interesting articles and reviews (contact Martin Wales at #205, 730 Vancouver St., Victoria, BC, V8V 3V3 for more info).

J. Boldt

GENE
Sunday, June 1
Graceland

It's always been difficult for me to take **Gene** seriously. The lyrics have always seemed so maudlin, the music so melodramatic and overdone, like that sensitive poet in high school English who never learnt the value of subtlety. Vocalist Martin Rossiter never helped, spouting off in *NME* about being embarrassed at being one of the best lyricists of all time and comparing his band to **R.E.M.** and **U2**. And of course, there's those **Smiths** comparisons, which Martin simply can't understand. Hmm ...

That's not to say that Gene is a bad band. Songs such as "London, Can You Wait?" and "Sleep Well Tonight" are extremely pleasing demonstrations of what can happen when they don't lay it on too thick, while Martin's voice is another one of those ethereal delights, up there with Hope Sandoval (**Mazzy Star**) and Brett Anderson (**Suede**). Gene have songs that seem to capture the moment and the mood perfectly, something most lad-rock UK bands can't seem to understand. Unfortunately, their latest album *Drawn To The Deep End* sees them wrapping themselves further in their own myth-making and overproduction.

I entered Graceland with a sense of trepidation, this seeming a ripe band to wholeheartedly endorse the Brit band tradition of having a "fuck North America" attitude. The venue was half full and it seemed a fairly silly move on the promoter's part to put a fairly unknown UK band in a large venue like Graceland, but the hardcore Gene fans were there in legion and by the time the concert started, the place was nicely padded out.

Gene took the stage to the tune of *Drawn to the Deep End*'s opener, "New Amusements," and Rossiter walked out last of all, every bit the swaggering Brit singer. Rather than a negative effect, his overwhelming confidence brought a nice warmth to the concert, which was no doubt helped by the incredible sound that placed his vocals above everything else. Rossiter filled his part nicely, playing with the crowd, striking dramatic poses, putting on a performance. If he was at all nervous or weary about doing the usual North America tour, it never showed. The rest of the band kept their end of the bargain up and Gene was a band in march with each other. Playing a good mix of songs from both their albums and a couple of B-sides, the high point of the concert came with Rossiter's performance of "Drawn to the Deep End," accompanied only by a pianist. It was indeed proof that Gene can keep up the swaggering confidence that has made them best-sellers in the UK while still putting on an earnest show. Strange mix.

John Zaozirny

YO LA TENGO
THE SOFTIES
Thursday, June 5
Starfish Room

On this particular night, the Starfish Room was packed with a bunch of older folks (die hard YLT fans), a bunch of young, obnoxious folks and some normal folks. Nevertheless, K recording artists, **The Softies**, started the evening off with several songs from their last album, *Winter Pageant* ... well, that's what I thought Rose Melberg said to the crowd. On this evening, the audience was especially rude; their chit chat formed a cloud over The Softies' entire set, which prevented most people from concentrating on this pared-down duo. From what I was able to hear, most of their songs seemed pretty soft, melodic and happy; however, this was hard for a majority of the audience to digest as most of them were anxiously awaiting the loud and noisy stuff of **Yo La Tengo**.

Finally, Yo La Tengo took the stage ... well, actually just Georgia the drummer. Ms. Georgia commenced their first set with a solo drum instrumental that pretty much went boom-boompity-boom-boom-boompity-boom. Then all of a sudden, I heard some mysterious drumming coming from behind me and there was Ira and James acting like two little drummer boys! At this point I was getting pretty excited. Ira's guitar solos were absolutely amazing; in a live environment, he was able to make his guitar solos more stretched out — like taffy! Watching Ira was also fun; he kinda twisted and contorted along with his guitar and he forced out all these strange noises that one wouldn't expect to come from a guitar.

Soon after the madness of noises, Georgia exercised her beautiful voice in "Shadows." Unfortunately, the tipsy couple beside me drowned out the song by commenting how sexy she was, being a woman drummer and all ... good grief! Sadly, this would be Georgia's only solo for the evening. Dang.

Yo La Tengo's second set was full of little surprises and cover tunes. For instance, Rose Melberg on guest vocals for their cover of the **Undertones**' "Teenage Kicks." And I had the pleasure of rocking back and forth to the **Devo** cover which James performed.

Finally, the third set rolled in. Yo La Tengo pulled out some older tunes, like the surfy "The Evil That Men Do" and an extended version of "Blue Line Swinger." Woohoo! In a nutshell, it was truly a fine show except the fact that it ended at 1:20am and my bus was going to leave at 1:26 am. Oh well, es la vida!

senorita marlena

LAKE OF DRACULA
JULY 4TH TOILET
Thursday, June 5
Columbia

The Columbia is one of those venues making the transition from skid row bar to "alt." hang out.

Judging by the creepy "alt." posters on the wall and the **Soundgarden** on the P.A., the transition is almost complete. (I guess there's been no lookin' back since the Niagara.) This is the current state of things that has transpired from the general dire in the "indie rock" scene.

Anyway, in my attempt at keeping away from the Columbia as long as possible, I missed **Manifold**'s set. But alas, I was subjected to the sonic assault of what is known as **July 4th Toilet**. The Toilet tried to tackle the premise of "keepin' them wantin' more" by going on *forever*. Medleys never sounded so wrong and never lasted so long. As frontman Rob Dayton so aptly put it, "It had its ups and downs — we tried to pull it up, but it just kept goin' down." July 4th Toilet destroy "art" by making it. This low brow sentiment is good, intentional or not. Unfortunately, it is hard to listen to.

Lake of Dracula reaffirmed my faith in punk rock. Bass, drums, guitar, singer (in a purple lamé shirt to boot), with one **Scissor Girl**, a **Flying Luttenbacher**, a **Couch** boy/solo star and a charming bassist (no Manhattenite), L. of D. could do no wrong. Marlon Magas and Weasel Walter were crazy all over the place, assaulting the audience verbally, physically and psychically. Finally, a band that believes in charisma — no shoe gazers here! Heather drummed like a robot. The bassist stood like a **Kraftwerk**ian mannequin. L. of D. drained the audience of psychic energy and spat it back in our faces, in our ears and in any other orifices present. And they even had insightful dialogues with the audience (What are you saying, Moooo?) Sonic gymnastics. Muscle spasms. Libidinal gyrations. Kudos to the Kelowna puppet dancer girls! For those about to spaz, or at least have a mental or physical breakdown, Lake of Dracula salutes you!

Miss Lala Twin Stars

THE SEA AND CAKE
REX
764-HERO
Saturday, June 7
Moe's, Seattle

What a better way to spend a sunny Saturday afternoon than driving down to the Emerald City, with AM/PM and Taco Bell stops along the way. Figure into this equation at the end of the day seeing three fine bands and you've got a prescription for happiness.

764-Hero played to a 3/4 filled club. The lovely two-piece played their sometimes angry love songs with great vigour. The only hometown band on the bill showcased songs from their debut full-lengther on Up Records along with a few 7" tracks and the crowd gabbled them up like sweet, chewy candy.

Up next was New York's **Rex**. Operating as a four-piece (guitarist, bassist, violinist, and one of the world's finest drummers, Doug Scharin), they strummed out lengthy tunes from their latest album, *C*, and a handful of new songs that left me anticipating some new product from these geniuses.

Last to hit the stage was Chicago's **The Sea and Cake**. Their jazzy rhythms got most of the crowd moving or, at least, bobbing their heads. They played a big mix of ditties from their four Thrill Jockey releasss. They added an organist for this tour (ex-**Coctails** Mark Greenberg) and, along with fellow Coctails alumni Archer Prewitt's guitar magic, made their set the icing and candles on this already delicious two-layer cake.

This was a flawless event. On a sad note, however, this was one of the last shows presented by Moe. It appears that the dying rock club trend has not hit only Vancouver. So get out to a show and don't let any more venues go the way of the Commodore and the Town Pump.

Charlie Church

SPACE
MUSE
Monday, June 9
Starfish Room

No wonder **Moloko** cancelled. Who would possibly want to share a venue with these two boring rehash bands? Neither band managed to rouse even the slightest bit of interest in me. My foot was bobbing during part of **Muse**'s show, but I think it was just so I'd look less conspicuous.

Muse, aka 0.5% **Radiohead**. Watered down, filtered out, whatever — these guys were the pits. They managed to get one boy dancing, and kept the rest of us anxiously awaiting something better. The singer's moronic inbetweener comments like, "This one's about hope and change" and "There's a big empty hole inside all of us, and this one's for all of you" made me cringe (and seek the comforts of alcoholic beverages). I was wonderfully glad when their set finally drew to a close.

During the break, I scoped out the core members of the Vancouver Brit-Pop scene. I admired the Mod haircuts and tight pants and general snazziness of the bunch. If only I was back in Grade 10, when it all really meant something, and *Quadrophenia* was a movie to memorize and live by.

Space came out amidst a wash of crazy intro noises. The crowd went nuts. I dreaded what would come next. I hate to say it, but to me, Space sound just like the British **Barenaked Ladies**. The silliness they sing about is nothing new, and it's certainly nothing special. I tried to stick it out until they played their hit, "Female Of The Species," but after closing my eyes and somehow missing two songs, it was definitely time to head out. No big loss.

On my way out, I thought about my young friends who I'd seen before the show, standing outside the tour-bus, waiting for a glimpse of, or maybe even a word with, British superstars Space. I thought about how glad they'll be a few years down the road when they look back and realize that they missed out on a crap show. I wish I had.

Julie Colero

ELEVATOR TO HELL
THE EMPTYS
GAZE
Tuesday, June 10
Brickyard

Before the show actually began, the soundman mistook me for a member of a band and asked me to move **Elevator to Hell**'s gear off the stage so **gaze** could soundcheck. I was struck by a little afternoon melancholy, because all the amps had **Eric's Trip** stencils that had been half scrubbed off after the break-up and replaced with "Elevator" but you couldn't really distinguish one from the other. More 'bout dat later.

Gaze went up first and kept death-looking the soundman but he kept solving one problem and creating another. He fixed the snare sound in the second song but then he turned off the lead vocal mic for some unknown reason. In spite of the defective sound system and indifferent crowd, the girls of gaze turned out a set of well-constructed pop songs hampered only by timidity. The drummer **Rose** managed to steadily increase the energy level and confidence level of her bandmates through the course of the set, and by the last couple songs gaze really hit their stride.

The emptys, unfortunately, had an OK mix but terrible music which was essentially **Hootie and the** proverbial **Blowfish** minus the songwriting ability. One old fat guy danced for them but I think he was the singer's dad. They just seemed so out of place.

Elevator to Hell took the stage with no intro but everyone hanging around the back seemed to draw in closer and closer to the stage 'til the dance floor was full. Rick was every bit the tall, emaciated, guitar-banging, synth-manipulating **Winger**-hairstyle indie-rock myth that he was in Eric's Trip, but a lot more confident. Mark just looked like a nerd with his shirt tucked into his too tight jeans, but he drummed perfectly ... just perfectly ... and kept his floor tom on a milk crate. Tara was eerily Julie-like, even though she (inexplicably) chose not to sing.

Well, the songs were better than a lot of stuff but not as good as the old days. The kids dug their beat. I adored the tinge of sadness that they brought to the evening. When I left an old hobo told me about his brother-in-law who burned his face and I got that old Eric's Trip feeling again.

Frank?

PIPEDREAM
THE READYMADE
CIRCLESQUARE
Wednesday, June 11
Starfish Room

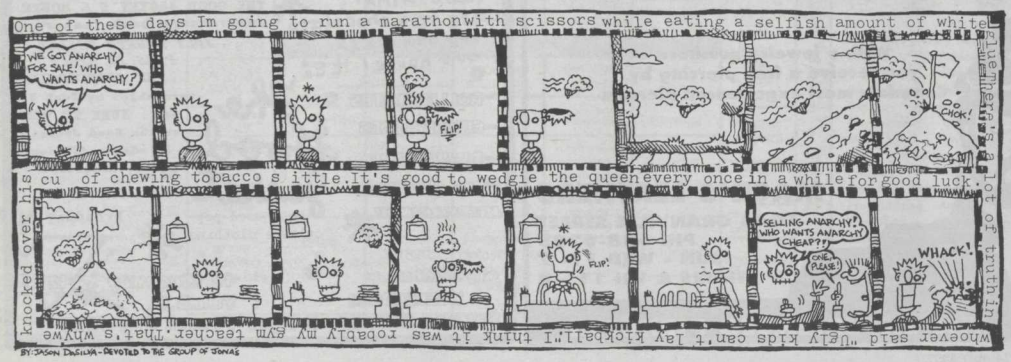
Drum and bass, trance, ambient, etc. — whatever its name, I'm not very good at defining such music. Consequently, I may be somewhat inept describing a group like **CircleSquare**. Their noise-pop with sonic swirls and eye-catching imagery projected behind the band was reminiscent of past shows by the evening's other two bands and their shared influences — **My Bloody Valentine** and **Flying Saucer Attack** amongst them. Obscured vocals (mumbles, some might say) complemented the band's sound, which was heavily driven by ambient keyboard sounds, guitars, and a DJ to mix tha beats. CircleSquare kept the audience interested throughout their opening set, and I'm sure they must have won over anyone else who had never seen the band before.

The Readymade's song structures could be similarly described, but stronger vocals and a mix of electronic percussion and live drumming certainly gave more of a live feel to the band — especially on this night, when they weren't using any specially lighted backdrops or slide shows. The band members were the visual focus of this set, but theirs was a show that you watched with your ears: it was not their usual synthesis of image and sound. For them, as it was for **Pipedream**, (whose stage lighting was as barren as the Readymade's), the music alone was enough to captivate all of the senses.

Brian Wieser

CircleSquare @ the Starfish Room

photo by Barb Yamazaki



BY: JASON DAILDA - DEVOTED TO THE GROUP OF JONAS

june '97 LONG VINYL

1	the dishrags	love\hate other people's music
2	yo la tengo	i can hear the heart ... matador
3	chomsky/chumbawumba	for a free humanity ... allied
4	the scissor girls	here is the "is not" atavistic
5	atari teenage riot	burn, berlin, burn grand royal
6	ten foot pole	unleashed epitaph
7	forbidden dimension	widow's walk cargo
8	2 foot flame	ultra drowning matador
9	eric's trip	long days ride 'till tomorrow sub pop
10	edith frost	calling over time drag city
11	orb	orbscure trax island
12	merryn cadell	6 blocks handsome boy
13	smog	red apple falls drag city
14	takako minekawa	roomic cube march
15	tipsy	trip tease asphodel
16	pennywise	full circle epitaph
17	blonde redhead	fake can be just as good touch and go
18	sparkmarker	500 watt ... crisis/revelation
19	various	something cool cher doll
20	pizzicato five	sister freedom tapes matador
21	the muffs	happy birthday to me warner
22	bis	new transistor ... grand royal
23	sect+response ...+phona	cube subduction
24	rebecca west	six more ... cinnamon toast
25	buffalo daughter	socks, drugs, & rock ... grand royal
26	the dropouts	come on! unclean records
27	scud mountain boys	the early years sub pop
28	helium	no guitars matador
29	whole lotta milka	got milk? stomp
30	mere mortals	ethnic dub simmaphony ... map
31	satanic surfers	CCC motor inn burning heart
32	ben lee	something to ... grand royal
33	meat beat manifesto	asbestos lead asbestos nothing
34	zelty cracker	flush zed
35	the curse	teenage meat other peoples music

june '97 SHORT VINYL

1	dj food	sonic soup nlo
2	lake of dracula	untitled skin graft
3	the fiends	gravedigger sonic swirl
4	the sprague brothers	battle of the bands! hillsdale
5	the kiss off	love's evidence ... peek-a-boo
6	pansy division	manada mint
7	the hanson brothers	the hockey song essential noise
8	tullycraft/rizzo	split harriet
9	celestial magenta	clivedon independent
10	killdozer	sonnet '76 ismist
11	red max	woodoo liquor hot rod ismist
12	junior varsity	go! to the ice ... peek-a-boo
13	cheeseburger	happy hill scooch pooch
14	ovarian trolley/hazel	split candy ass
15	the loons	paradise time bomb
16	placebo	sailor boy ship & anchor
17	cat power	fuct undercover
18	wingnuts	the quick brown fox ... olamô
19	elevator to hell	backwards may sub pop
20	guided by voices	bulldog skin matador
21	the need	jacky o'lantern outpunk
22	olivia tremor control	the giant day drug racer
23	teriyakis	teriyakis priapus
24	orans	paper b/w wipers harriet
25	discount	wonder pulled me ... liquid meat
26	bunnygrunt	johnny angel septophilia
27	virginia creeper	jazz mesopotamia elsner
28	the softies	the best days k
29	whicle flips	terminus harriet
30	no knife	communist china time bomb
31	stock, hausen, &...	stripper eerie
32	tokidoki	news days harriet
33	ativin	modern gang reader secretly can
34	pee dry/home	split turnbuckle
35	whiskey town	whiskey town bloodshot

june '97 INDIE HOME JOBS

1	irving klaw trio	176 ways
2	submission hold	ed anger
3	plumtree	in the sink
4	jps	fuzzyhead pills
5	the colorifics	747 (now i see heaven)
6	faze	preppy villain
7	dirtnitts	fishing
8	the beans	italian vases
9	destroyer	karen is in rome
10	readymade	dreamt i fell from you
11	the molesties	now's the time
12	kid champion	luminites
13	preston	planetra
14	bronte brothers	transparent
15	manifold	rails, flotation, aerodynamics
16	the tonebursts	masters of karate
17	pipebomb	ivanhoe
18	sturvis	later
19	euphonix	let's get out of these monkey suits
20	the spivees	johnny come lately
21	squeeky	ten twenty-three
22	thee upperrust	fetish
23	steep	silex mandy breeze
24	blisterene	michael hunt
25	kreviss	expose
26	thrillseeker	summer
27	the bus	round
28	stratochief	she shoots, she scores
29	the ch team	the edge
30	i killed my cat	cut the shit
31	public house	red flag
32	paula spurr	hairspray
33	msc	she knows
34	coal	chemicals
35	mark	snoopy

what we listened toooo

blah blah blah blah blah blah

kaia • blink 182 • sleater-kinney • white town • yo la tengo • sloan • unrest x infinity • air miami • b'chl • mountain goats • volume all star • smog • veda hille • guided by voices • buffalo daughter • christian marclay • ida • beans • stk: all over me • sebadoh • red stars theory • v/a felidae • patsy cline • **hey, are you crushworthy?** barb's crush of the month: mark robinson • tristan: ron sexsmith • ken: word 6.0 • kevin: aden • miko: winkipinki •

folk oasis top ten

wednesdays 9:00pm - 10:00pm

1	oh susanna	stella	independent
2	brave combo	group dance epidemic	rounder
3	ani difranco	living in clip	righteous babe
4	laura love	octoroon	mercury
5	crabb rua	seh it is	krl
6	famous steve denyes	only famous in del mar	permanent
7	flying bulgar klezmer band	fire	flying bulgar
8	various	20 years of stony plain	stony plain
9	fear of drinking	one morning when i ...	big city
10	various	women's work	putumayo

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THE SHITCOOKIES
turntables by Funk UFO
SAT. JUNE 28 9PM
at the Good Jacket
$3 advance/$5 door
by donation

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-$1 VINYL BINS
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CiTR 101.9 fm

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:30AM-11:00AM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

IQRA 11:00AM-12:00PM News, issues, and concerns facing Muslims throughout the world.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

RADIO BLUE WARSAW 5:00-6:00PM Join kim & helen for another month of travels. Bring Confetti!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qwawwalis, Folk Songs, etc.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Altos, California).

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-4:00AM Drop yer gear and stay up late. Naked radio for naked people. Get bent. Love Dave.

MONDAYS

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00 AM-1:00 PM With your hosts the Gourd of Ignorance. What will we play today? Rog will put it away.

MEKANIKAL BUFFOONERY 1:00-3:00PM Two shows became one! An hour of Mekanikal Object Noize (industrial/nois/techno) and an hour of Skintight Buffoonery (lounge, jazz, britpop) june_scudeler@mindlink.bc.ca.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM I endeavour to feature dead air, verbal flatulence (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth-century composer — can you say minimalist? — and whatever else appeals to me. Fag and dyke positive. Mail in your requests, because I am not a human-answering machine. Got a quarter then call someone who cares.

THE CANUCK STOPS HERE alt. 7:00-9:00PM Listen for all Canadian, mostly independent tunes.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

July 7: Tenor saxophone great Hank Mobley with *Another Workout*.

July 14: Master drummer Alan Dawson.

July 21: Jazz singer Helen Merrill.

July 28: Tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims' *Down Home*.

DRUM'N' SPACE 12:00-2:00AM Futuristic urban breakbeat for those who know.

TUESDAYS

LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S LUNCHBOX alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Join forces with a samurai warrior gone wrong. Fill your bento with feminist asian attitude.

LICORICE ALLSORTS alt. 11:30-1:00PM An eclectic music show. Phone in and request!

RADIO FREE WOMEN 3:00-5:00PM

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Meat the unherd where the unheard and the hordes of hardly herd are heard, courtesy of host and demo director Dale Sawyer. Herd up!

RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical fiesta express with your loco hosts Rolando, Romy, and Paula as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Cumbia and other fiery fiesta favourites. Latin music so hot it'll give you a tan! ¡¡RADIO SABROSA!!

NAKED RADIO alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM From Thelonious Monk to Meridith Monk ... we'll play it. Genre-busting, cutting-edge jazz and other experimental sounds, plus informative label/artist features. Join Mike and Sean.

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, christian better living lp's, the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised.

WEDNESDAYS

COLONEL SANDER'S HIDEOUT 8:00-10:00AM "Dude if you're playing pretty girl music in my Camaro! Dude."

LOVE SUCKS 12:00-2:00PM If you can't make sense of it, and that bothers you, go somewhere else. We use scissors.

HELLO INDIA 2:00-3:00PM A discovery of Indian culture, its music heritage and literature along with a touch of the latest.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM

ESOTERIK alt. 6:00-7:30PM Ambient/electronic/industrial/ethnic/experimental music for those of us who know about the illithids.

SOLID STATE alt. 6:00-7:30PM Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by M-Path.

AND SOMETIMES WHY 7:30-9:00PM aden, volume all*star, yo la tengo ... these are a few of our fave-oh-writ things. la la la!

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:00PM Acoustic/roots/folk music in the middle of your week. Focus on local and Canadaian singer-songwriters, regular features on other regions with in-house visits.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:00PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungra! "Chakkh de phatay." Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes — remixes and originals. Brraaaah!

THURSDAYS

ZUPPA RADIO 8:30-10:00AM The soundtrack from the film in the archive exile where Jad Fair gets his pHd doing fieldwork in early cartoon jazz.

FILIBUSTER alt. 10:00-11:30AM Bad hill blood, spy music and an accordian fetish. Caution: high in fibre!

MUSIC FOR ROBOTS alt. 10:00-11:30AM Viva La Robotica Revolution.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby.

JUSTIN'S TIME 2:00-3:00PM Serving up your weekly dose of Shirley Horn and other jazz-filled confections.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM Harcore and Punk rock since 1989. http://mypage.direct.ca/f/flxyrhed/

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

July 3: KAREN FOSTER

July 10: THE COWARDZ

July 24: THE RETREADS

July 31: from California, WASH

FRIDAYS

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM Join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here ... and bring some ice. XOXX

TELESIS 10:00-11:00AM Tune in for discussions, interviews & information relating to people who live with physical & mental challenges.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 11:00AM-12:00PM Tune in for another fun-filled hour of ska with hosts Julie and Ska-T.

KNEPTUNE'S ROOM 12:00-1:00PM As Charlie Brown once said to Schroeder: "plink, plink, plink, all day long! Good Grief!"

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30PM Jacuzzi Space rock at its finest.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS ... 3:30-4:00PM Have a good brunch!

NATION 2 NATION alt. 6:00-9:00PM Underground sound system-style mastermix radio.

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old Jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa & African Music around the world.

FOR THE RECORD 6:30-6:45PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's *Radio Free America* Series.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc.... Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavour of homebass.

LIMP SINK 12:00-2:30AM Hosted by the G42 players. "The show that doesn't hate you." with your friendly pals Friar Fritter Abfackeln and Postman Pat. Alternating with Dr. Killdare Contact:limpsink@broken.ranch.org

LUCID SOUL 2:30-4:00AM Dr. Killdare plunders even further into the wee hour doing what he can to keep security guards and 7-11 clerks awake. Wayyayway deep dance stuff and other hallucinatying fucked-up-ness.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, plus *World Cup Report* at 11:30 AM. 8-9 AM: African/World roots. 9-12 noon: Celtic music and performances.

POWERCHORD 12:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM Swing on the gallows pole and git yer dose of blues in the afternoon. Hosts Anna and Andy.

THE SHOW 6:00-8:00PM Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Mr. Checka, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

LIVE! AT THE HI-HAT!! 11:00PM-1:00AM "Live! — shows and bands — admission $6.00 — Performers are subject to change."

EARWAX alt. 1:00AM- DAWN "Little bit of drum, bit of bass and a whole lot of noize". Late-night radio soundclash destined to fist you hard. Zine features, phat experimental chunes, and the occasional turntable symphony. "Money, we'll rock you on 'til the break of dawn." - G. Smiley

	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
8	THE CiTR MORNING SHOW / BBC WORLD SERVICE							8
9	*are you serious music?*	Breakfast with the Browns	third time's the charm	Colonel Sander's Hideout	the last desk	Venus Flytrap's Love Den	THE SATURDAY EDGE	9
10				DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER	MUSIC FOR ROBOTS / Filibuster	Telesis		10
11	Iqra		Licorice Allsorts/ LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S LUNCHBOX		CANADIAN LUNCH	Ska-t's Scenic Drive		11
12	NEWS	the STUPID RADIO SHOW				KNEPTUNE'S ROOM/ NEEDLEPOINT	NEWS	12
1	ROCKERS SHOW	MEKANIKAL BUFFOONERY	pink kitty power hour	love sucks	Steve and Mike		POWER CHORD	1
2			Polyfiller	Hello India	justin's time	Little Twin Stars		2
3	WIRELESS/ BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	Meat-Eating Vegan fill-in	RADIO FREE WOMEN	motor daddy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWUAR/ noiz	Lucky Scratch	3
4	Radio Blue Warsaw	THE CiTR DINNER REPORT around the middle east					hearsay	4
5	QUEER FM	Flaming Caterpillar	Awara House	ESOTERIK/ SOLID STATE	Out For Kicks	nation to nation/ African Rhythms	THE SHOW (hiphop)	5
6	Mary Tyler Moore Show	the canuck stops here/ hip hop habit	UNHEARD MUSIC	and sometimes why	on air with greased hair		SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	6
7	GeeTaNJaLi	THE JAZZ SHOW	RITMO LATINO	Folk Oasis	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	HOME BASS	live! at the high hat!! / five hour lunch	7
8	ONE STEP BEYOND: RADIO FREE AMERICA		NAKED RADIO/ witchdoctor highball	Strä outta jallundar	Sector 7 / Groove Jumping		REAL JAZZ	8
9	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	DRUM 'N' SPACE	AURAL TENTACLES	PIPEDREAMS/ OPEN SEASON/ RADIO FREE BABYLON	fill-in	Limp Sink	SOMETHING/ Earwax	9
10						LUCID SOUL		10

WHOM & HOW

Arts	Allison Dunnet
Board Chair	Harry Hertscheg
Business	Thomas Hicks
Current Affairs	Sarah Efron
Demos/Cassettes	Dale Sawyer
Engineer	Richard Anderson
Entertainment	Clinton Ma
Mobile Sound	Ken Orchard
Music	Siobhan & Megan
President	Ryan Ogg
Production	Mark Constantinescu
Programming	Anna Friz
Promotions	Justin Ho
Secretary	Chris Corday
Sports	Slavko Bucifal
Station Manager	Linda Scholten
Traffic	Marlene Yuen
Vice President	Frank Henville
Volunteer Coordinator	John Ruskin

july datebook

FRI 27 Herb Alpert-Vogue Theatre...Linda McRae/The Spirit Merchants/Daisy Duke-Railway Club...

SAT 28 Digger/d.b.s.-Seylynn Hall...Noise Therapy/Waiting For God/Nickleback/Facepuller/Makeshift-North Surrey Rec Centre...Linda McRae/The Spirit Merchants/Daisy Duke-Railway Club...Good Jacket 6th Anniversary Bash: July 4th Toilet, Pigs in Space, The Shitcookies-the Good Jacket...The Spectres/Deadcats-Picadilly...

SUN 29 Bluebird North: Judy Atkin/Bill Henderson/Oh Susanna/etc.-Wise Club...Carl Th. Dreyer-My Metier/Dancing/Symphony of a City/Nightlary- Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 30 Royal Grand Prix-Railway Club...

JULY TUES 1 Ripcordz/Another Joe/The Retreads-Brickyard...Logical Progression: LTJ Bukem/Blame/PHD/MC Conrad-Sonar...

WED 2 A Ford the Lamb Abroad-Naam...

THUR 3 Fireweed/Sing Sing Dead Man/Rooter-Brickyard...

FRI 4 Queazy/Midge/Gasm-Brickyard...La Song Music Society-Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden...

SAT 5 Saddlesores/Spitfires/Hell Caminos-Brickyard...DSK-Picadilly Pub...Christine Duncan-Vogue...Dirtmitts-Colorbox (Seattle)...

SUN 6 Solas-Rogue Folk Club...

MON 7 Natalie Cole-Orpheum...

TUES 8 Dark Summer: Doc Scott/Ed Rush/J-Majic/MC Justice-Sonar...Welcome to Grade 3/Carbon Six-Brickyard...

WED 9 CiTR PRESENTS THE VANS WARPED TOUR-PNE Lagoon Stage...

THUR 10 Breathe Underwater/Swank O'Hara-Brickyard...

FRI 11 Pigment Vehicle/Closed Caption Radio-Brickyard...Helmet/Melvins/Facepuller-Graceland...Association of Korean Performing Arts of Vancouver-Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden...

SAT 12 Matchbox 20-Starfish...Outlaw Entertainment Group CD release party-Brickyard...

SUN 13 Bitner & Hope-Naam...

MON 14 Weezer/Pulsars-Vogue...

TUES 15 Kimball Collins-Sonar...Seed/Clockwork/Four Bone Chain-Brickyard...Yoyo A Go Go festival-Capitol Theatre (Olympia! Runs 'til the 20th)...

WED 16 Jim Houston-Naam...Steve Mitchell-South Hill Candy Shop...

THUR 17 Another Roadside Attraction-Thunderbird Stadium...

FRI 18 King Cobb Steelie/Courage-Graceland...Nefro/Melt-Brickyard...Silk Road & Ptarmigan-Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden...Van. Folk Music Festival-Jericho Park...

SAT 19 Hip Hop Mechanix/Social Deviantz/Kilo C-Brickyard...Van. Folk Music Festival-Jericho Park...

SUN 20 Ben Harper-Plaza of Nations...Van. Folk Music Festival-Jericho Park...

MON 21 The Verve Pipe/Tonic/K's Choice-Rage...OMC-Richard's on Richards...

TUES 22 Supergrass-Rage...Four Hundred/Custer's Last Bandstand/Diamond Cutters-Brickyard...

WED 23 Marilyn Manson-PNE Forum...

THUR 24 Larry Volen Trio-Naam...Laine Henderson-South Hill Candy Shop...

FRI 25 Bloodhound Gang/22 Jacks-Starfish...Brundlefly-Brickyard...Chinese Music Research & Development Centre-Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden...

SAT 26 Model Rockets/The Mants/The Tonics/The Powerfailures-Brickyard...The Planet Smashers/One/Venice Shoreline Chris-Graceland...

SUN 27 Bitner & Hope-Naam...

MON 28 Grrrls with Guitars: Savannagh Jvarnet/Kristia Jeanne Sheffield/Linda Kidder-Railway...Dogstar/Silverjet-Graceland...Seven Mary Three-Richard's on Richards...

TUES 29 Moneypenny-Brickyard...

WED 30 Mach II's-Picadilly Pub...Jim Houston-Naam...

THUR 31 The Planet Smashers/Malchiks/Trenchant/Skavengers-t.b.a (all ages!)...Larry Volen Trio-Naam...

Special events

GOOD JACKET 6TH ANNIVERSARY BASH featuring July 4th Toilet, Pigs in Space, and The Shitcookies. Saturday, June 28th @ the Good Jacket, 42 Kingsway. Tix $3 advance, $5 at the door. Info: 872.5665

YOYO A GO GO festival, July 15-20 at the Capitol Theatre in Olympia, Washington. Yeah, we know, it's in America, and you'll read all about it in *The Rocket*, but we've still gotta give our thumbs up to this most amazing independent arts event. Pop, punk, rawk, spoken word, performance, by some of the North West's (and beyond!) most exciting artists! Just a sample: Lois, Sleater-Kinney, Karp, Mountain Goats, The Softies, Modest Mouse, Peechees ... Buy a fest. pass for only $45US — check out the Yo Yo website for more info: www.olywa.net/yoyo

VANCOUVER FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL is still plugging along, and it's better than ever with some ol' faves, like ANI DIFRANCO and up and comers, OH SUSANNA, etc. July 18-20, Jericho Park. Tix @ ticketmaster.

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE! TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE AUGUST ISSUE IS JUly 20TH!

everything you need to know about.....everywhere you need to go

3B Beer Joint 1226 N. State St. (Bellingham)	360 734 1881
The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance)	488 6219
Anderson's Restaurant (Jazz on the Creek)	684 3777
Anza Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant)	876 7128
Arts Hotline	684 2787
Bassix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie)	689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)	687 1354
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald)	732 5087
The Brickyard 315 Carroll St.	685-3978
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant)	873 1331
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davie (at Burrard)	689 3180
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown)	669 0806
Club Mardi Gras 398 Richards St.	687 5007
CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place	682 4629
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova)	683 3757
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1531
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova (Gastown)	683 5637
Crosstown Traffic 316 W. Hastings (downtown)	669 7573
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End)	683 2201
DV8 515 Davie (downtown)	682 4388
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)	689 0926
Food Not Bombs Vancouver	872 6719
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC)	822 2678
Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings (downtown)	822 9364
Mora 6 Powell (Gastown)	689 0649
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown)	684 MASK
The Gate 1176 Granville (downtown)	688 8701
Graceland 1250 Richards (downtown)	688 2648
Greg's Place 45844 Yale Rd. (Chilliwack)	7 95 3334
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	322 6057
Hemp B.C. 324 W. Hastings (downtown)	681 4620
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	873 4131
It's A Secret 1221 Granville St. (downtown)	688 7755
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)	224 8007
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive)	251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (Gastown)	685 7777
Lucky's 3934 Main	875 9858
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)	685 3288
Mars 1320 Richards (downtown)	230 MARS
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown)	688 8701
Niagara Hotel Pub 435 W. Pender (downtown)	688 7574
Medialuna 1926 W. Broadway	
Naam Restaurant 2724 W 4th Ave (kitsilano)	738 7151
Odyssey Imports 534 Seymour (downtown)	669 6644
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown)	682 3291
Orpheum Theatre Smithe & Seymour (downtown)	665 3050
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown)	688 3456
Paradise 27 Church (New West)	525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	876 2747
Picadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)	682 3221
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC)	822 6273
Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown)	681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 7050
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (gastown)	602 9442
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown)	473 1593
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)	685 5585
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour)	681 1625
Richard's On Richard's 1036 Richards (downtown)	687 6794
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.)	738 6311
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)	874 6200
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown)	687 6355
Sonar 66 Water (Gastown)	683 6695
Southhill Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th)	876 7463
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown)	682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End)	689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main)	688 3312
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsmuir (downtown)	
Stone Temple Cabaret 1082 Granville St. (downtown)	
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville (downtown)	
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)	681 8915
Thunderbird Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van)	988 2473
The Tower 339 W. Hastings (downtown)	
Track Records 552 Seymour (downtown)	682 7976
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (Gastown)	682 8550
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC)	822 0999
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria)	254 9578
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	876 4165
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville)	738 7015
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)	222 2235
Vert/Washout 2412 Main (Mt Pleasant)	872 2999
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	872 8337
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	331 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)	685 6217
Western Front (303 E. 8th Ave)	876 9343
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave (at Main)	
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)	254 5858
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	732 4128
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)	681 9253
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	738 3232

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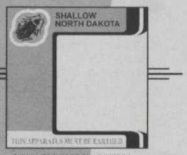
JULY '97 REPORT

SONIC UNYON

-EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH-

IN STORES JULY 1



KITTENS
Bazooka and the Hustler

SHALLOW, NORTH DAKOTA
This Apparatus Must Be Earthed

Thank you, for going to see KITTENS and SHALLOW, NORTH DAKOTA at The Bridkyard last month!

MAYOR McCA
Busboy - CD in stores July 22
One-Man-Band Singing Sensation!

THE PLANET SMASHERS
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Canada's premier ska act on tour soon!

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GET CONNECTED TO DISCORDER'S 1997 LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL DIRECTORY, CHOCK FULL OF CONTACT NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES OF BANDS AND THE BUSINESSES THAT SUPPORT THEM, WILL BE IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE. THE DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES IS JULY 15, 1997.

YOU ARE A (Check one):
___ BAND/MUSICIAN ___ PROMOTER
___ RECORD LABEL/DISTRIBUTOR ___ LIVE MUSIC VENUE
___ MANAGER/AGENT ___ STUDIO ___ OTHER
(elaborate below)

NAME: _____

DESCRIPTION (15 words or less):

_____

_____

CONTACT(S): _____

ADDRESS(ES) _____

_____

PHONE: _____ FAX: _____

EMAIL: _____ URL: _____

FILL THIS OUT AND MAIL/FAX IT TO US
BEFORE July15, 1997
233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC V6T1Z1 fax:(604)822-9364

CiTR 101.9 is looking for a → VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR ← and it could be you!

Duties
- Training volunteers of CiTR
- Promoting CiTR and its services

Qualifications
- Excellent communication skills (writing/speaking/computers)
- Must have good radio technical and production skills
- Previous experience in working with students
- Previous experience in working with and motivating volunteers
- Knowledge and experience in non-commercial and/or campus radio
- Good organizational skills
- Previous experience of a supervisory and instructional nature

Salary
The Volunteer Coordinator will work 7 hours per day, 3 days per week. The salary is $12,000 per year plus a full benefits package.

Deadline for applications is Friday, July 18, 1997
Please drop off in CiTR Business Office or mail to

CiTR
101.9 fm

CiTR Hiring Committee
c/o CiTR Radio
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Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1

For more information, please call Linda at 822-1242

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STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed	10:30—7:00
Thurs and Fri	10:30—9:00
Sat	9:30—6:30
Sun	12:00—6:00

BOWERY ELECTRIC
Eat CD

Now available domestically, this broodingly fantastic album is like a thoughtful time-capsule. But in this respect, it is more timeless than dated; Beat qualitatively stands out wherever it is located. With their rich soundscapes, **BOWERY ELECTRIC** provide ample thematic space to stretch out in, increasing the value and importance of each tone and structure, while enticing listeners with an implied warm darkness and dub-like, resonant, slowly dissolving somber sound. This is a very good record.

16.98 CD

SONIC YOUTH
Anagrama
CD-EP/12-inch

Debuting their new record label, these well known New York residents have whipped up a set of well delivered instrumentals. And for the **YOUTH**, this is as good as they get — which means great not just good, rock fan. With experienced control, they offer new ideas while staying fresh with the times. Sometimes lush, occasionally subtle, often gloriously overbearing. Yr gonna dig it, pop trash yeah, yeah (our imaginary lyrics).

10.98 CD-EP or 12-inch

WEEN
The Mollusk
CD/Cassette

Gene and **Dean WEEN** are like **Beck**'s more dangerous, genuinely crazy cousins.
WEEN also share a few loose branches with the thematically questionable **Frogs**. But we all know **WEEN** right, or do we? We got into the college hit (daises), got down and funky with choco-cheese, settled down 'n' dusty to their country stylings, and then even dug up their indie and often obscene past. Now **The Mollusk** is a new challenge: it is a collapse of psychedelic pop, acid rock, prog, children's songs, sea shanties, MOR ballads, folk music and easy listening, and then some. There is much to describe here. Sublimely weird.

16.98 CD 9.98 Cassette

FRIENDS OF DEAN MARTINEZ
Retrograde CD

A lonesome (leopard skinned) rattlesnake hides itself from the warmth of the sun and waits for nightfall. Tonight the desert comes alive as **FRIENDS OF DEAN MARTINEZ** bring out their slide-guitar cocktail stylings and shine an instrumental light on this vast and expansive sand. What's in store: a beach party without the water, leisure without the suit, a cocktail without the nation, just unconsciously cool style. **Retrograde** has got it made.

16.98 CD

TWENTY MILES
RL Boyce, Othar Turner Fife & Drum Spam CD

Comprised of **Donovan** and **Judah Bauer** (of **Jon Spencer** and **Butter 08** fame), **TWENTY MILES** is the real home of these two well traveled indie r'n'b ranch hands. A romping record which injects a little **Hollis Queens** attitude into the "Thou shall be delivered" blues mix, **TWENTY MILES** ain't about playin' possum- no sir, what we got here ain't sippin' whisky either, it's the real blues sour mash shine!

16.98 CD

THE PRODIGY
The Fat Of The Land CD

Containing both the **Breathe** and **Firestarter** singles, **The Fat Of the Land** is UK's punk-meets-techno-meets-fist-fight practitioners **PRODIGY**'s third smash full length. Poised to trip your cranial alarm bells, the buzz is all true, this disc rocks hard, boom! **Kula Shaker**, **L7** and **Republica** are all on board to help navigate this ten-song excursion into the movie of your mind. Yeeeaowwlll! This will be the record that'll blow shit up. Look out. **AVAILABLE JUNE 30TH**

16.98 CD

MICROSTORIA
Reprovisors CD

A prestigious assortment of notable scene-makers have responded to the friendly challenge of somehow transforming the lush, de-centered ambiance of **MICROSTORIA** (including: **Stereolab**, **UI**, **Jim O'Rourke**, as well as **MICROSTORIA**'s alter egos **Mouse On Mars** and **Oval**, plus others). But the tracks to be re-edited are not necessarily as found on the album, rather, they are new improvised versions. This is no ordinary re-mix venture, it is collaborative action, a plastic excursion through personalized style and design. The resulting interventions emphasize digression, impressionistic reproduction, and the aesthetic of collective recreation, and we like it. High riding the cusp of the Post-Ambient turn.

16.98 CD

LUKE VIBERT
Do Unto Others CD-EP/12-inch

Like many of his same-minded friends, **LUKE VIBERT** gets around. Working with **Tortoise**, for example, or under the names **Wagon Christ** or **Plug**. Collaboration, dispersed interests, loyalties and commitments seem to be features of new electronic-based musicians' work ethic. For the music buyer, it means more to appreciate and chose from. All this aside, **LUKE VIBERT**, behind any alias, makes good stuff. Sometimes dub-like, sometimes drum and bass or down-tempo, but always rewarding. Pass it around.

9.98 CD-EP or 12-inch

AUNTIE CHRIST
Life Could Be A Dream CD

Influential LA songstress **Exene Cervenka** plugs in a G-string, turns up the volume and spits out ten short and to-the-point punk blasts. Along with longtime drummer sidekick **DJ Bonebrake** and **Rancid**'s **Matt Freeman**, this energized trio are the next best thing to that vintage sound of **X** in their early '80s heyday!

16.98 CD

SPIRITUALIZED
Ladies And Gentlemen We're In Space CD

All our electric anticipation is well rewarded by these wayward spacefolk. This album delivers, thoroughly and then some. It is packed with rich glorious sound, fuller instrumentation, inspired gospel themes, curious Americana and much harmonica — praise them. Dreamy, mesmerizing and intelligent, this record represents a new stage of development, it is competently executed and completely worked through — all ideas are sound. Get on board, it's a trip.

16.98 CD

CAGNEY & LACEY
6 Feet Of Chain CD

Newlyweds, **Luna** frontman **Dean Wareham** and spouse **Claudia Silver** team up for an eclectic **Lennon/Ono** **"Wedding Album"** style album. Comprised of stripped down songs, obscure cover versions, and spontaneous jams, **6 Feet of Chain** is a perfect musical bonbon. Having said their vows, its time to let the music ring through!

16.98 CD

JUNO REACTOR Bible Of Dreams CD/3LP
BILLY BRAGG Bloke On Bloke CD
LUNA thop CD-EP/7-inch
FUCK Pardon My French CD/LP
SHALLOW, NORTH DAKOTA This Apparatus Must Be Earthed CD
MELVINS Honky CD/LP
LIDA HUSIK Fly Stereophonic CD
PET SHOP BOYS Somewhere CD-EP, Pts. 1 + 2
FUXA Venoy CD-EP
VARIOUS ARTISTS Kicks Joy Darkness (Jack Kerouac Tribute) CD